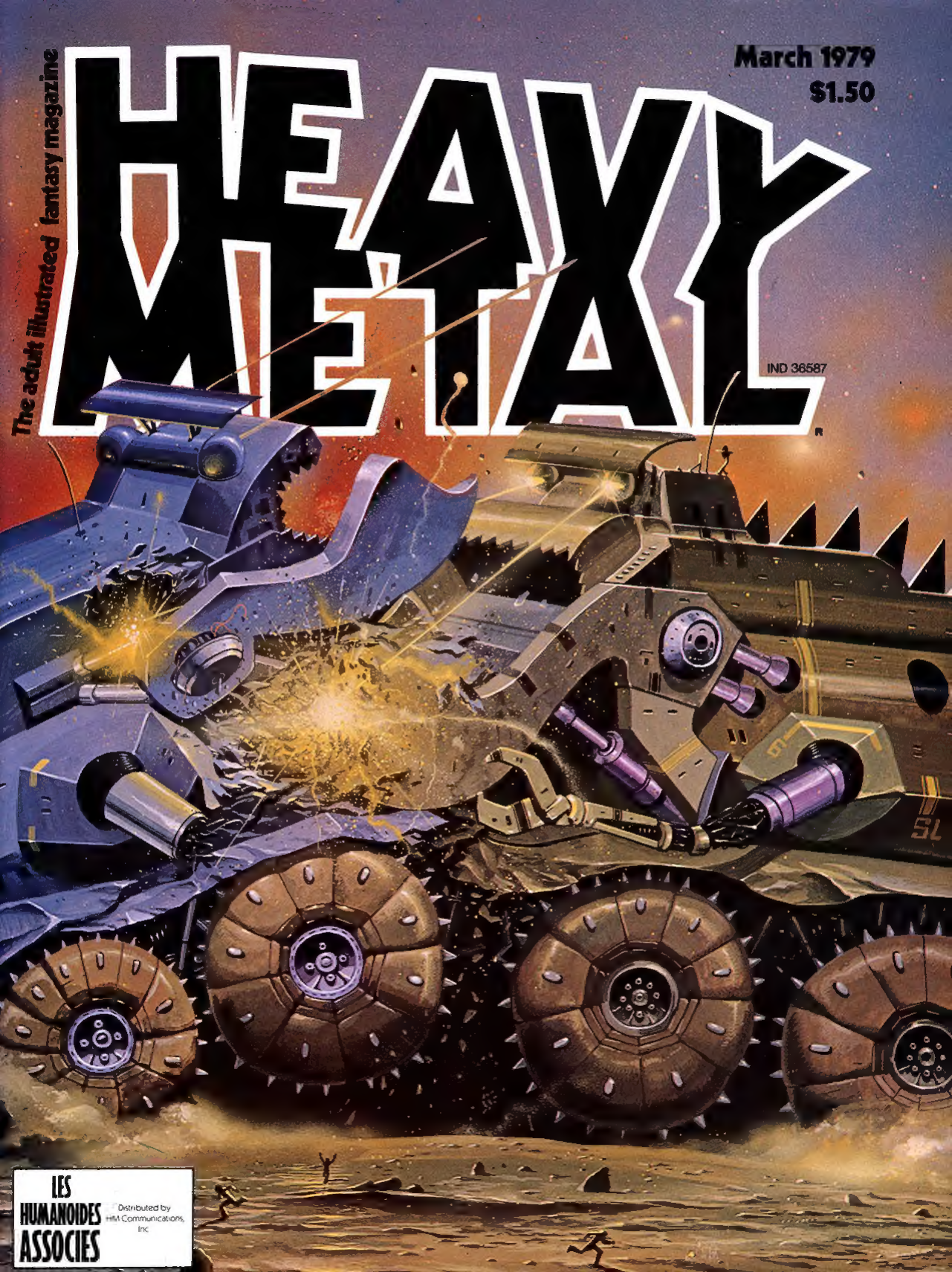
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
HEAVY METAL
March 1979
$1.50
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Back cover, Stargazer, by **Robert Morello**

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Illustrations by Stephen Fabian from the new Gordon Eklund novella *The Twilight River*; published this month in *Binary Star # 2* (Dell Publishing, New York).

Illustrations, copyright © 1979, by Stephen Fabian.

When all twelve moonchunks showed clearly visible, Sam began to regard Reardon intently. Reardon's head lolled against his left shoulder; he might have been sleeping.

The first thing Sam noticed was the fur. Great gray clumps of it began to sprout on Reardon's face. Reardon's mouth formed a narrow crease filled with sharp fangs. His nose was a flat black snout. Deep in his throat he began to growl.

Then he lunged....

CALIFORNIA
The Golden State

Capital: Sacramento
Flower: Golden Poppy
Bird: Valley Quail
Tree: Redwood
Motto: "Eureka, I have found it."

"...And another thing...

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It's 3 days after Christmas & before the new year, and I find myself vacationing in L.A., having to write an editorial for our March issue. In the midst of mistletoe, chocolate reindeer, and ol' St. Nick, I'm to acclimate myself to a month that "goes in like a lion and out like a lamb."

March. Chaykin and Preiss's illustrated version of Bester's classic, The Stars My Destination... WOW.* Ellison hauntingly describes California talk shows in "Flop Sweat." Intense, man!* And McKies, S+M+A+S+H invades the adult world of Tonka toys and Matchbox wheelies. Far Out!* Plus--Corben, Moebius, Nino, etc...

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ADDRESS

Heavy Metal Magazine
635 Madison Avenue
New York City 10022

But what would an issue of Heavy Metal be without an apology?! This month we'd like to send a real big, "Hey, we're sorry!" to Jay Brenner, who carelessly went unmentioned as the photographer of Trilling's January cover sculpture.

Bummer!*

-J.S.

*Los Angeles dialect

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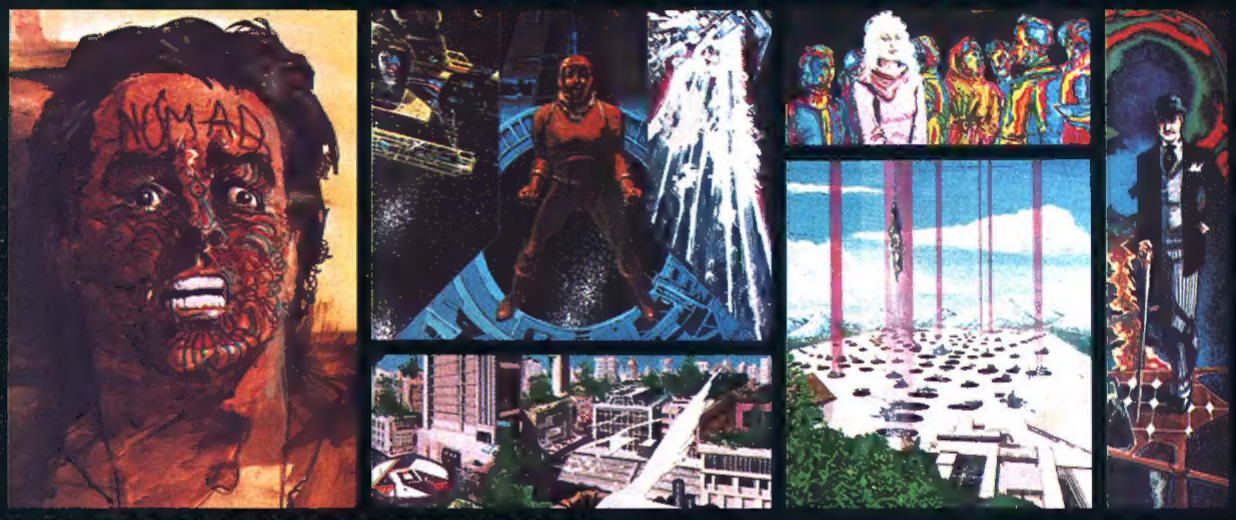
A MAJOR EVENT IN ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE FICTION

THE STARS MY DESTINATION

Alfred Bester's Incredible SF Adventure Adapted by Howard Chaykin & Byron Preiss



The Science Fiction Epic by Alfred Bester—An Incredible, Full-color Graphic Story Adaptation Illustrated by Howard Chaykin

For twenty years there has been one science fiction novel that fantasy illustrators around the world have wanted to draw—a novel so visual, so sweeping in its drama and characterizations, that it cried out for the graphic story form.

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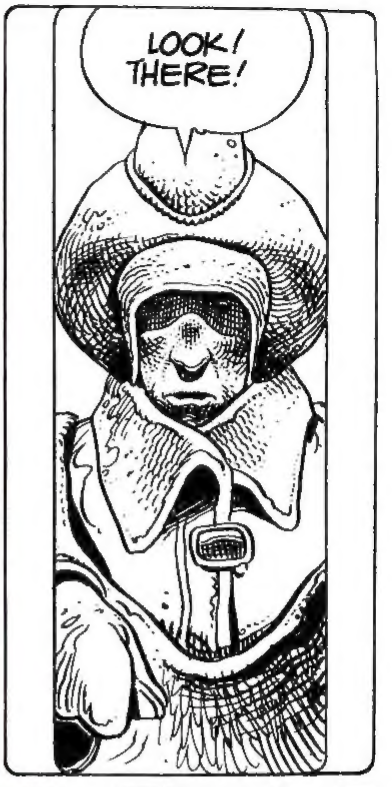

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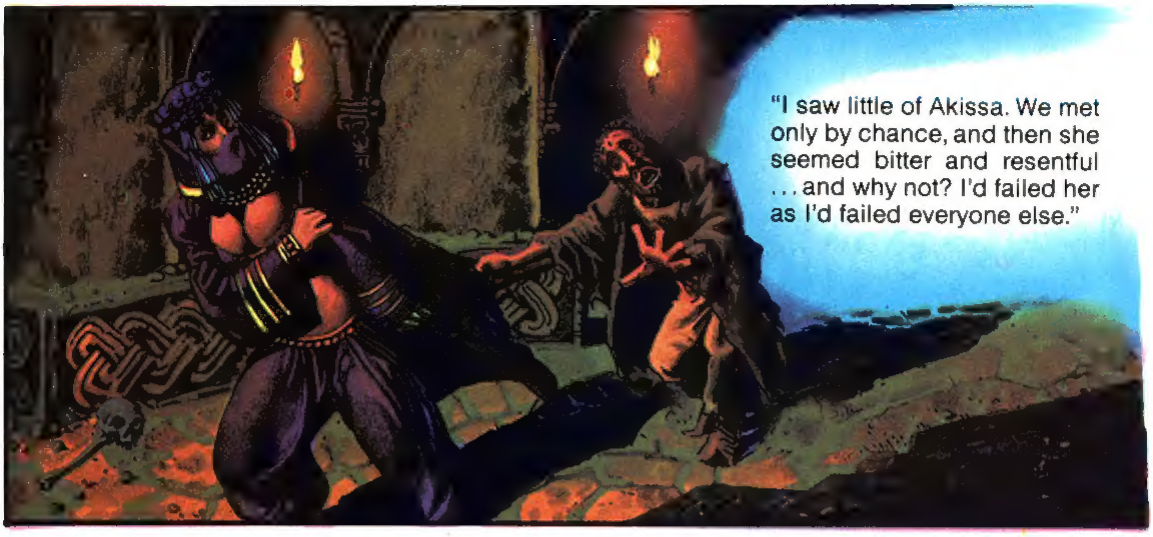
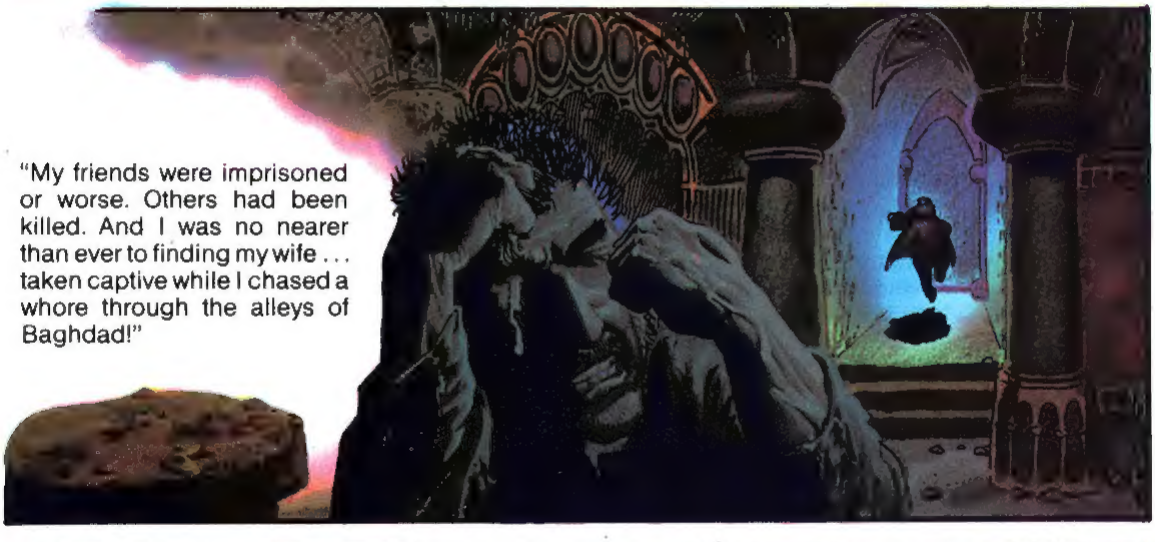
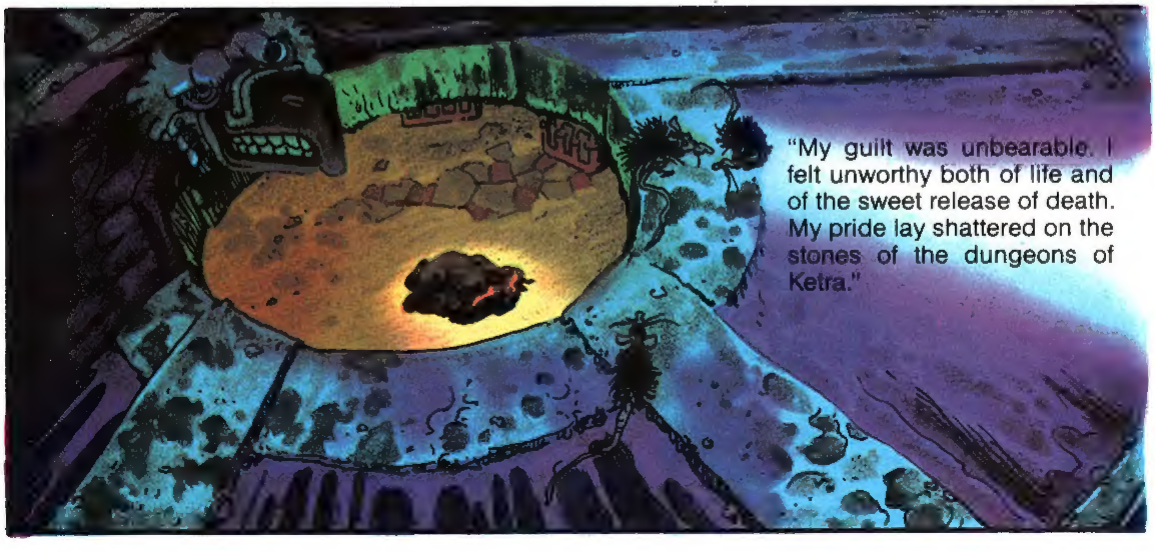
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
For weeks I did as I was told and recounted my adventures to him . . . with careful editing, of course. He refused to answer my questions, speaking only to flatter my wit or to relate some event from Ketra's "glorious" past.

© 1978 Richard Corben and Jan Strnad

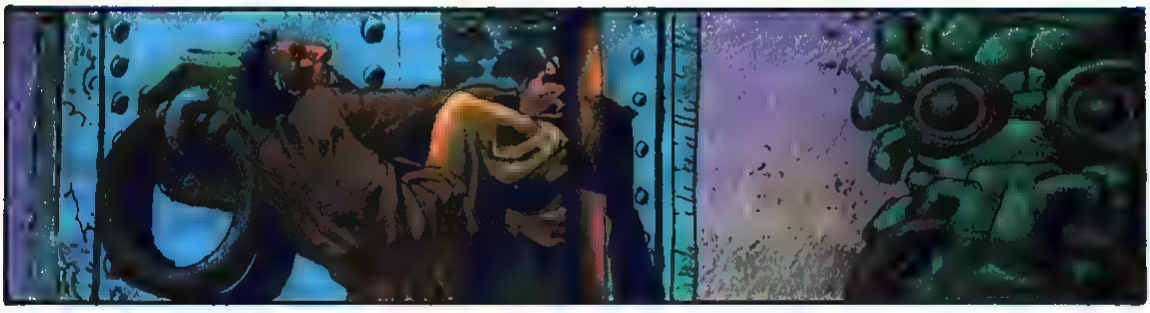
"And my sleep was haunted by visions of myself—accursed of Allah—tormented and taunted by demons, a slave to my own selfish nature."


"I saw little of Akissa. We met only by chance, and then she seemed bitter and resentful . . . and why not? I'd failed her as I'd failed everyone else."


"My friends were imprisoned or worse. Others had been killed. And I was no nearer than ever to finding my wife . . . taken captive while I chased a whore through the alleys of Baghdad!"


"My guilt was unbearable. I felt unworthy both of life and of the sweet release of death. My pride lay shattered on the stones of the dungeons of Ketra."

"This self-abhorrence led me further and further from my assigned chambers and halls. I ventured recklessly into many forbidden, dangerous areas . . ."

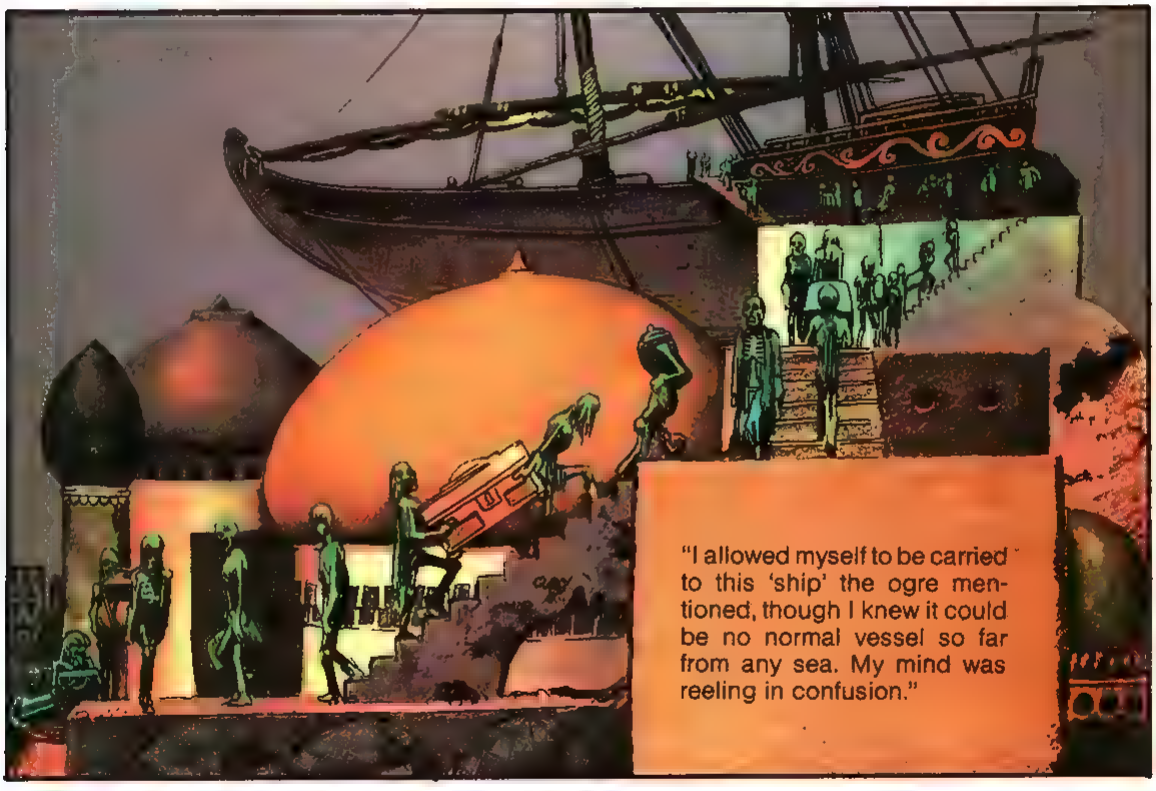


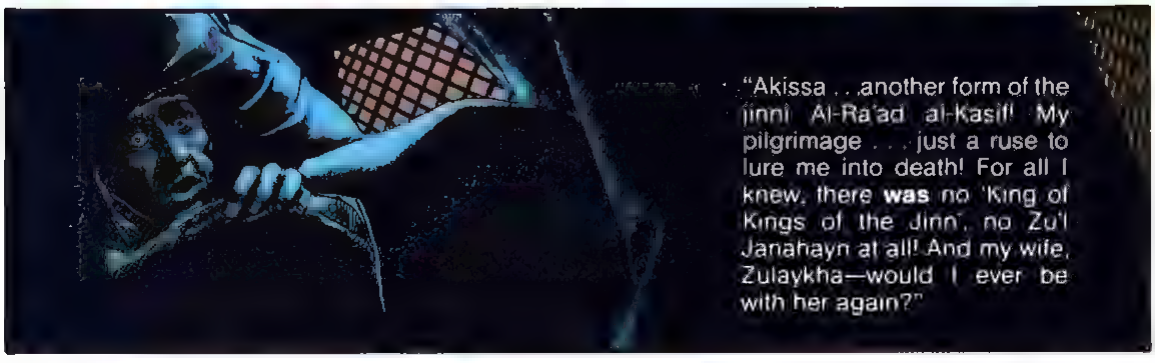
". . until I came upon the deadliest room of all."
Gold . . . jewels . . . a vast treasure, but not **uncommon** as treasures go. This ogre may be more ordinary than I'd supposed!

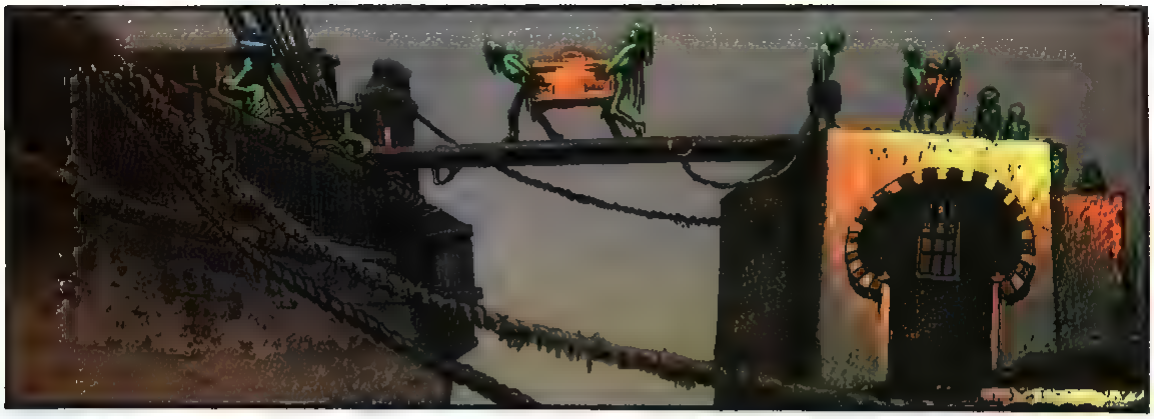
This is the last treasure vault. As soon as this is loaded on the ship, we sail.
You're slow as a tortoise, Ali, and for the same reason—you carry your home with you. It's no way to live.
And you are like the fly, Al-Ra'ad, flitting from place to place. You're too easily moved, too impatient!
Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif!
Perhaps so. But still I tell you . . . this game you're playing with Sindbad is a bad one. You should have killed him at once!
Tonight, Al-Ra'ad, I promise you a succulent stew of Sindbad's meat. But until then . . .

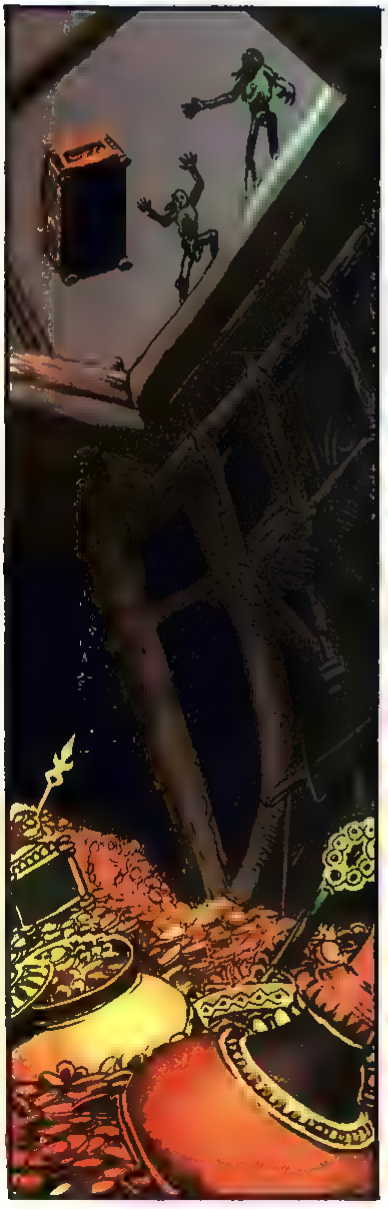
. . . his stories have amused me, and he thinks I want him alive! Don't worry!
Sindbad will worry me until his **death**, Ali . . .
I've starved and thirsted him, led him to battle with man and beast, and **still** he lives! If not for that fool astrologer's warning I'd have slain him **months** ago!
Then my entire journey . . . nothing but an elaborate trap! And I've nearly bedded the demon who would see me dead!

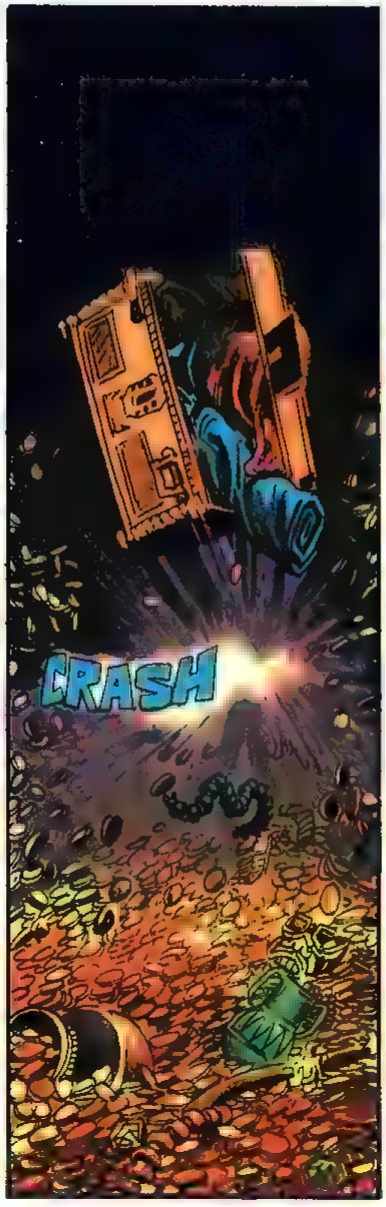
Load the treasure on the ship. And tell the cook to begin a stew—I'll bring the meat myself.

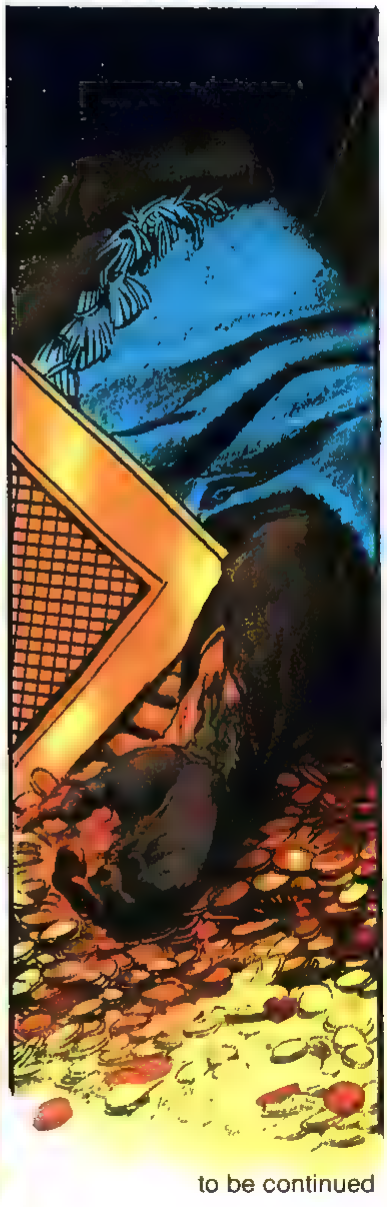

"I allowed myself to be carried to this 'ship' the ogre mentioned, though I knew it could be no normal vessel so far from any sea. My mind was reeling in confusion."


"Akissa . . .another form of the jinni Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif! My pilgrimage . . . just a ruse to lure me into death! For all I knew, there **was** no 'King of Kings of the Jinn', no Zu'l Janahayn at all! And my wife, Zulaykha—would I ever be with her again?"



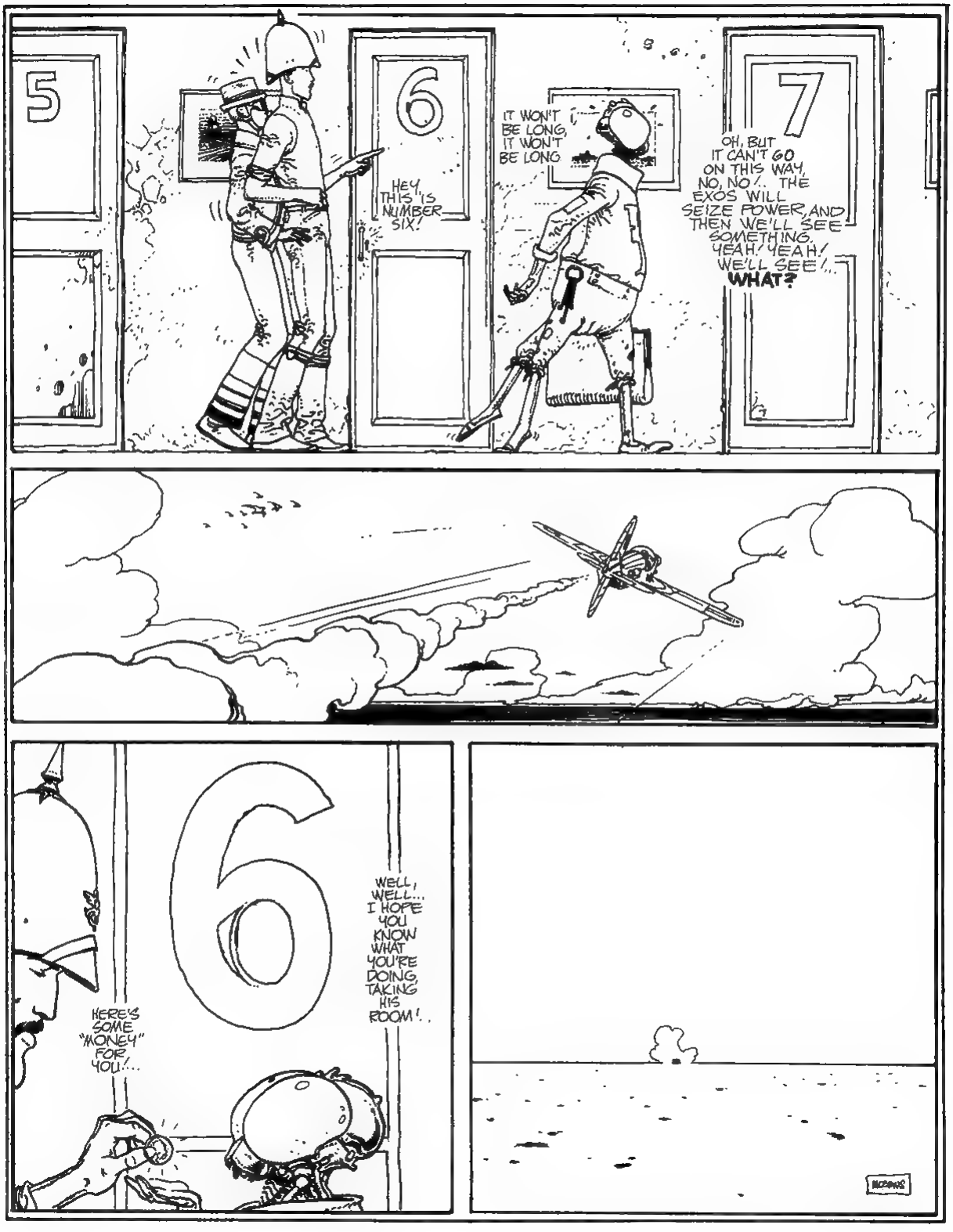


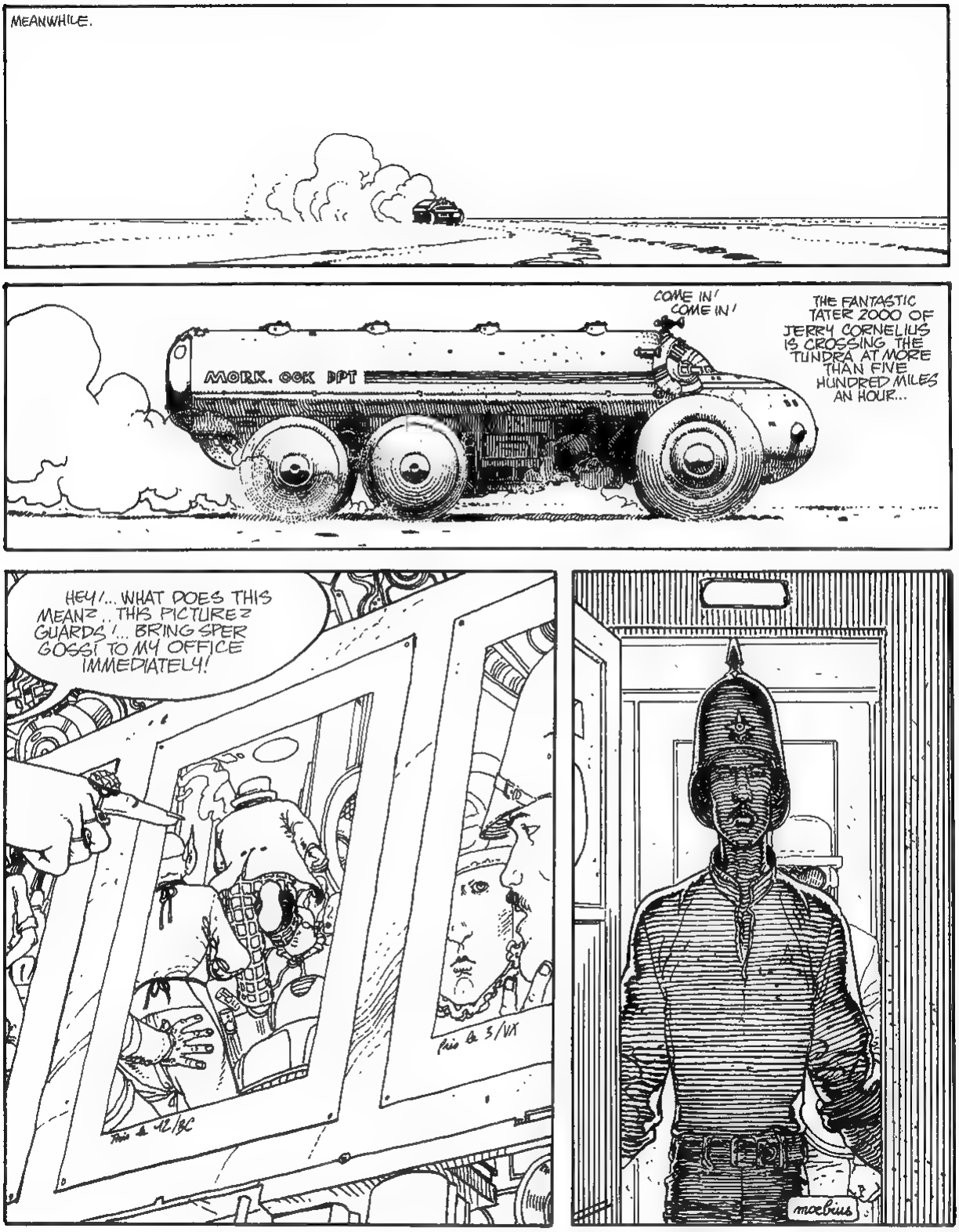




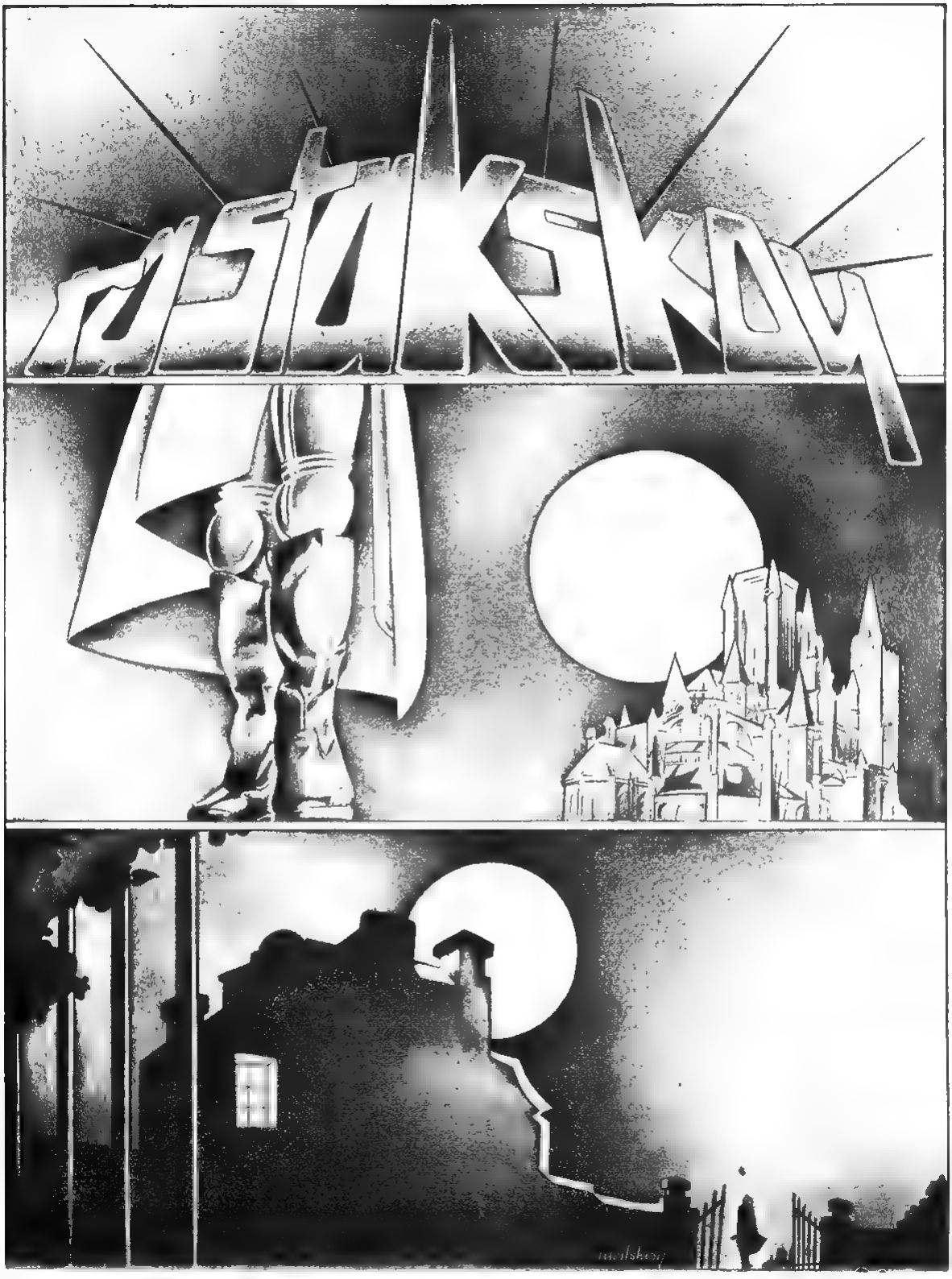
to be continued

THE A
AIRTI
GHT G
ARAG
E OF J
ERRY
CORN
ELIUS
MOEB
IUS
IT CERTAINLY IS HIM! PUT THE APPARATUS IN PLACE..
AND BE CAREFUL! THE MAJOR IS NO SIMPLE PETTY THIEF!...
·OUR STORY SO FAR·
JERRY CORNELIUS HAD A GARAGE THAT HELD ALL HIS VEHICLES. BUT BUT THE GARAGE WAS AIRTIGHT! ALAS!...
MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE HOTEL...
MICKEY... WILL YOU TAKE THE OUTLANDER TO NUMBER SIX.
JUST A SECOND LET ME FINISH READING THE END OF THIS CHAPTER, WHICH IS PARTICULARLY WELL DONE!...
LATER, IN THE CORRIDOR..
YEAH, YEAH.. THEY EXPLOIT US TO DEATH, US EXOS! NOTHING BUT DIRTY JOBS FOR US, MY DEAR OUTLANDER!... CARRYING SUPER-HEAVY BAGGAGE, ETC. ... I, FOR ONE, AM AN INTELLECTUAL AND AN ARTIST CAN YOU IMAGINE. THE PAIN... YEAH, YEAH!
WE'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH.
WE'RE NOT REALLY HERE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?


5
6
7
HEY, THIS IS NUMBER SIX!
IT WON'T BE LONG, IT WON'T BE LONG
OH, BUT IT CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY, NO, NO!.. THE EXOS WILL SEIZE POWER, AND THEN WE'LL SEE SOMETHING. YEAH! YEAH! WE'LL SEE!..
WHAT?
6
HERE'S SOME "MONEY" FOR YOU!...
WELL, WELL... I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, TAKING HIS ROOM!..


MEANWHILE.
COME IN! COME IN!
THE FANTASTIC TATER 2000 OF JERRY CORNELIUS IS CROSSING THE TUNDRA AT MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR...
HEY!... WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?.. THIS PICTURE? GUARDS!... BRING SPER GOSS! TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!
moebius

TO BE CONTINUED...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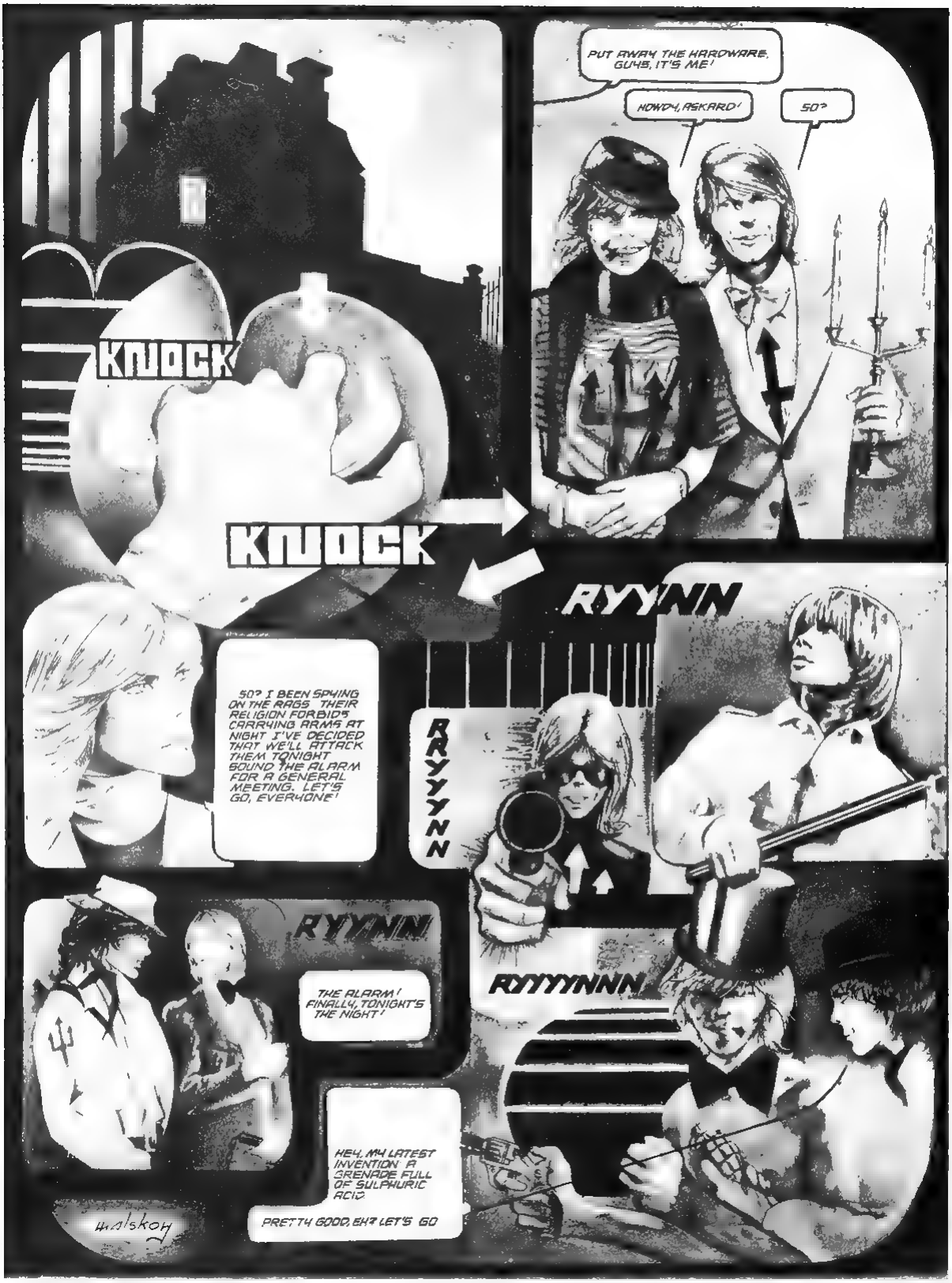

KNOCK
KNOCK
PUT AWAY THE HARDWARE, GUYS, IT'S ME!
HOWDY, ASKARD!
SO?
SO? I BEEN SPYING ON THE RAGS. THEIR RELIGION FORBIDS CARRYING ARMS AT NIGHT. I'VE DECIDED THAT WE'LL ATTACK THEM TONIGHT. SOUND THE ALARM FOR A GENERAL MEETING. LET'S GO, EVERYONE!
RYYNN
RYYYNN
RYYNN
THE ALARM! FINALLY, TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!
RYYYNNN
HEY, MY LATEST INVENTION. A GRENADE FULL OF SULPHURIC ACID.
PRETTY GOOD, EH? LET'S GO
Hrdlicka

WELL, OLD BUDDIES, AT LAST THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO SKAG THE GANGLIONS OF THESE BASTARDS!
CHARGE!
WE'LL DISCONNECT THEIR FEMORAL CONDYLE!
RRRRRRR
TONIGHT THE TRIDENT OF THE UNKNOWNS WILL MAKE BLOOD FLOW
RASTASKOV!

WE'LL BUST THEIR SKULLS!
RASTASOCK THEM ALL THE WAY!
RIGHT! I'LL RASTAKICK THOSE MEATHEADS!
RASTAKILL!
COME HERE, MY MAN, SO I CAN SLICE YOU UP!
HERE, MY PRETTY THINGS, SO I CAN TAN YOUR HIDES!
Mabley

LOOK OUT! THE UNKNOWNS ARE ATTACK GASP!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO'S MAKING ALL THE NOISE?
PLEASE
HEAVY METAL
wrightson

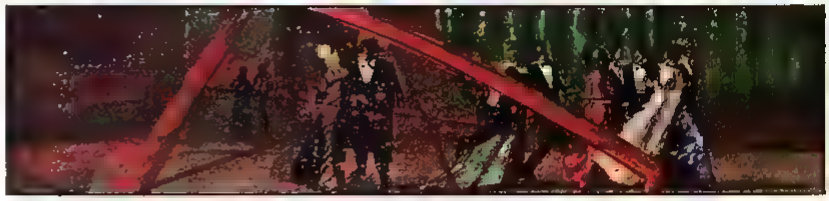
KÊK!!!
AS THEY SAY!
SOB!
AARAGH!
wdlroy
PAIN DOESN'T HELP
ZIP
WHEN HATRED FINALLY TRIUMPHS!

THE UNKNOWNS ARE TIRED BUT HAPPY THE RAGS ARE VANQUISHED THE UNKNOWNS COMPLETELY DESTROYED THEM
WE ARE TIRED BUT HAPPY THE RAGS ARE VANQUISHED WE HAVE COMPLETELY DESTROYED THEM
HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE WE SEE SUCH FINE FIGHTS AGAIN?
TRUE, WE AMBUSHED THEM IN A TREACHEROUS MANNER, BUT IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL BATTLE
FIN
walkon

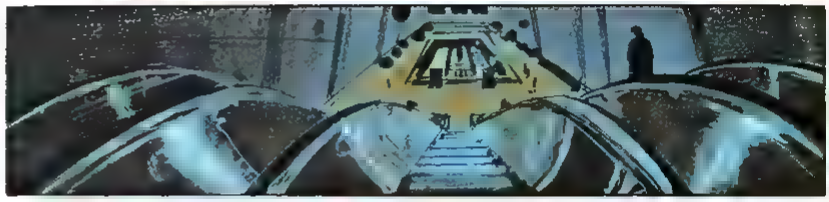
This was a time of high adventure, rich living, and hard dying. . .

. . . but nobody thought so.

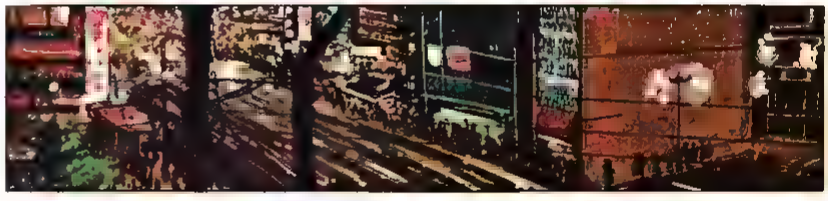
This was a future of fortune, culture, and vice. . .



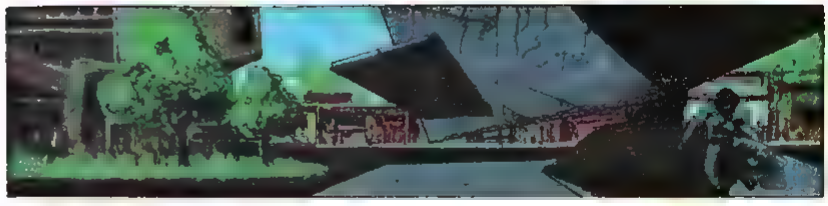
. . . but nobody admitted it.



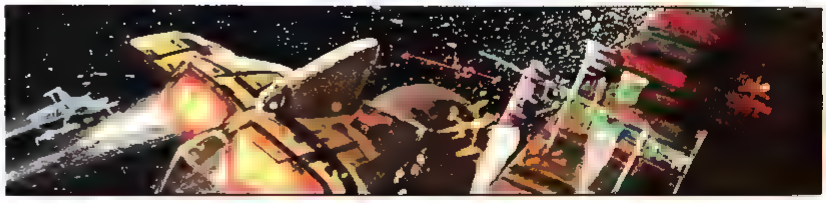
This was an age of extremes, a fascinating century of freaks. .



. . . but nobody loved it



Three planets and eight satellites and eleven billion people swarmed in one of the most exciting ages ever known.



Yet minds still yearned for other times, as always.

The solar system seethed with activity, learning new technologies that spewed forth almost before the old had been mastered, girding itself for the first exploration of the stars; but—

"Where are the new frontiers?" the Romantics cried, unaware that the frontier of the mind had been opened in a laboratory on Callisto at the turn of the 24th century.

ALFRED BESTER'S THE STARS MY DESTINATION

A researcher named Jaunte set fire to his bench and himself (accidently) and let out a yell for a particular fire extinguisher. Who was as surprised as Jaunte when he found himself standing next to that same extinguisher, 70 feet from his lab bench.

They investigated Jaunte savagely. Teleportation . . . transportation through space by an effort of the mind had long been a theoretical concept, but this was the first time it had ever taken place before professional observers.

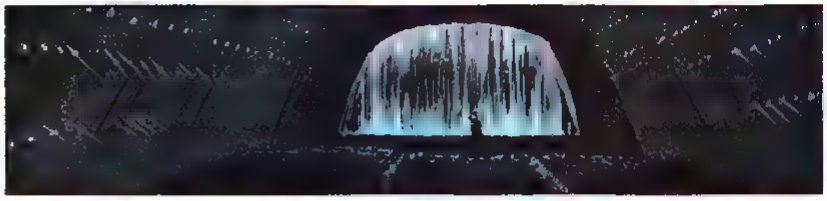
Twelve psychologists and neurometrists sealed Jaunte into an unbreakable crystal tank and let Jaunte watch as they smashed the handle of a valve feeding water into the tank. They reasoned if it had required the threat of death to goad Jaunte into teleporting in the first place, then they'd damn well threaten him with death again. Observers collected data with the tense precision of an eclipse camera crew.

He teleported again.

The experts examined and questioned him. On the technical grapevine, they sent out a call for suicide volunteers. They briefed them thoroughly. Then they proceeded to murder the volunteers. Eighty percent died and the agonies and remorse of their murderers would make a fascinating and horrible study, but that has no place in history except to highlight the monstrosity of the times. Eighty percent of the volunteers died but 20 per cent jaunted. The name became a word almost immediately.

The body of knowledge grew rapidly. By the first decade of the 24th century the principles of jaunting were established. The primitive days were past. It was no longer necessary to threaten a man with death to make him teleport. They had learned how to teach a man to recognize, discipline, and exploit yet another resource of his mind.

How exactly did a man teleport? An unsatisfactory explanation was provided by Thompson, a publicity representative of the Jaunte Schools in a press interview.

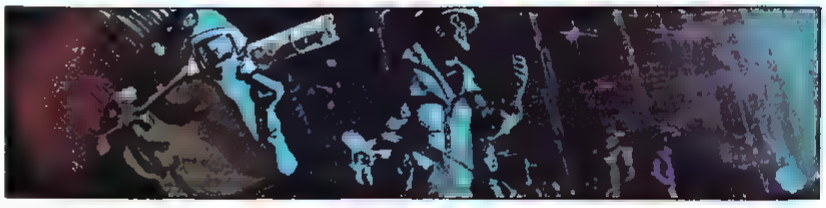


Thompson: Jaunting is like seeing—a natural aptitude of almost every human being; but it can only be developed by training and experience.

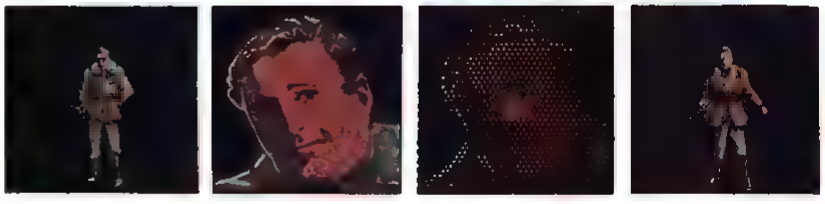
Reporter: You mean we can think ourselves from New York to Los Angeles?

Thompson. Precisely, provided the person jaunting knows exactly where he is when he starts and where he's going.

Reporter: How's that?



Thompson. If you were in a dark room and unaware of where you were, it would be impossible to jaunte with safety. A person cannot jaunte from an unknown departure point to an unknown destination. Both must be known.



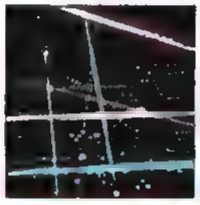
Any man was capable of jaunting provided he could visualize and concentrate. He had to see it completely and precisely and had to concentrate latent energy of his mind into a single thrust to get him there. Above all he had to have faith. He had to believe he would jaunte. The slightest doubt would block the mind thrust necessary for teleportation.

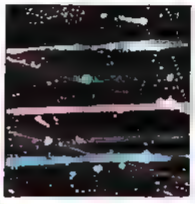
Space set the final limitation. No man had ever jumped further than a thousand miles. He could work his way in jauntes from Nome to Mexico, but no jump could exceed 1000 miles.

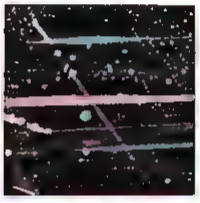
The old Department of Motor Vehicles took over the new job of testing and classifying jaunte applicants. The old Automobile Club of America changed its name to the A.J.A.

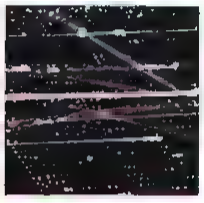
Despite all efforts, no man had jaunted across space. Helmut Grant spent a month memorizing the co-ordinates of a jaunte stage on the moon. He jumped and they never found him.

Within three generations, three planets and eight satellites were on the jaunte. Economic structures crashed and new laws were enacted to meet the needs of mass jaunting





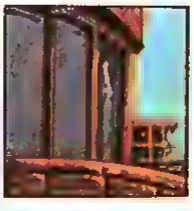




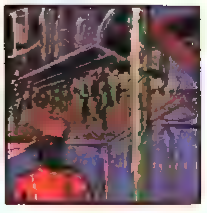
There were land riots as jaunting poor deserted the slums for plains and forests.

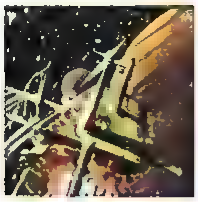
There was a revolution in office building—devices were introduced to prevent unlawful jaunting.

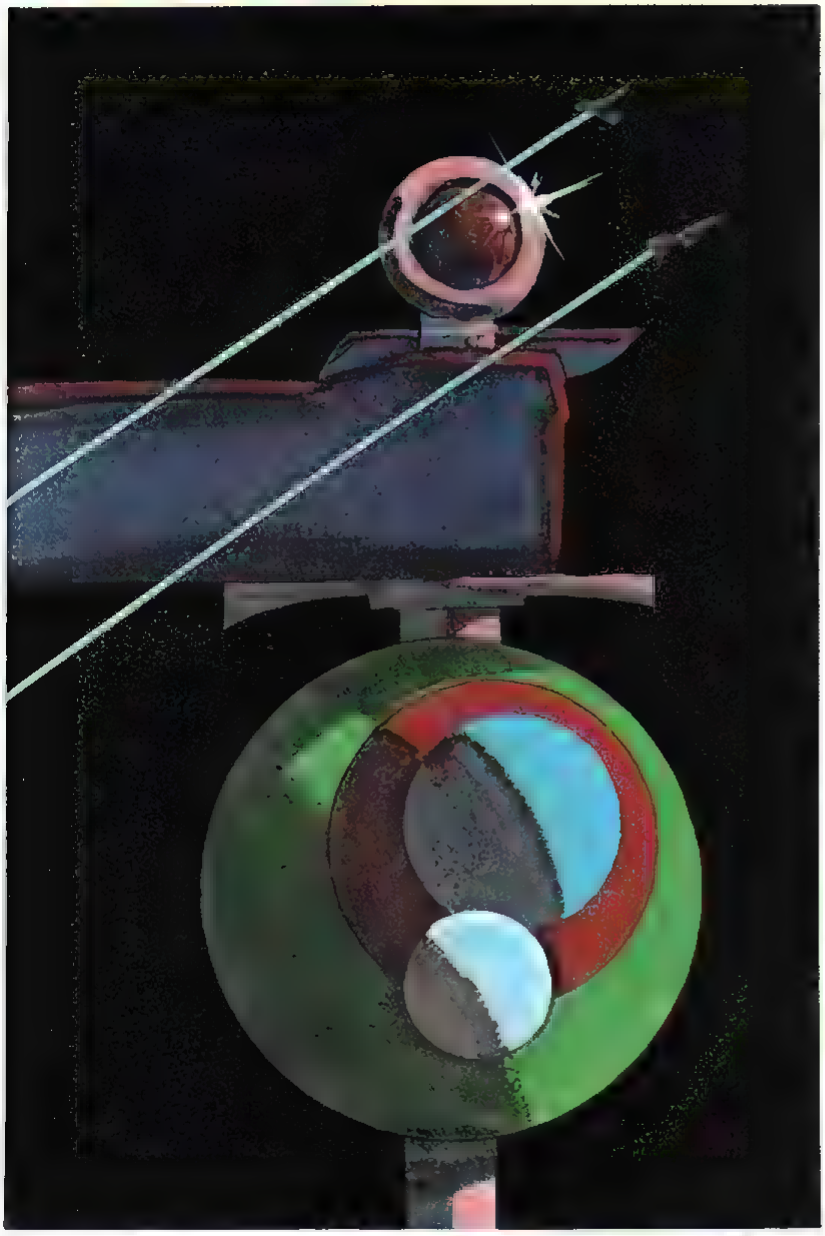
There were strikes as old industries adapted to the jaunting revolution. There was economic chaos as vagrant jaunters took disease to defenseless countries.



The japanese beetle and chestnut blight spread to different territories. The worst sort of Victorian prudery returned as a moral response to the dangers of jaunting.







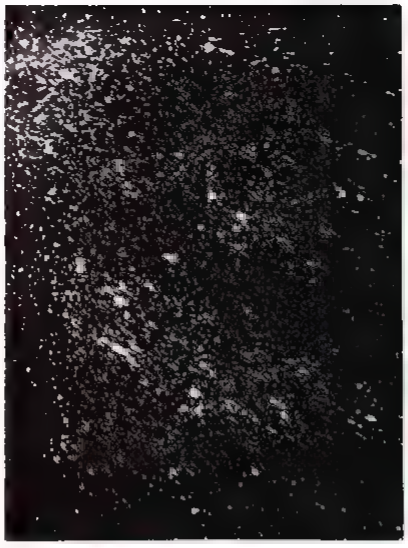
A cruel and vicious war broke out as a result of the political and economic pressures of teleportation. Until the Jaunte Age, the three Inner Planets—Venus, Terra, and Mars—had lived in delicate economic balance with the seven inhabited Outer Satellites—Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto of Jupiter, Rhea and Titan of Saturn, and Lassell of Neptune. The United Outer Satellites supplied raw materials for the Inner Planets's factories and a market for finished goods. Within a decade this balance was upset by jaunting.

With trade exchange disrupted, economic war threatened to denigrate into a shooting war. Inner Planets's cartels refused to ship manufacturing equipment to the Outer Satellites; as a protective move against competition the Outer Satellites confiscated the planets already in operation on their worlds, broke patent agreements, ignored royalty obligations . . . and war was next.

It was an age of freaks, monsters, and grotesques. All the world was misshapen in marvelous and malevolent ways. The Classicists and Romantics who despised it were blind to the cold fact that progress stems from the clashing merger of antagonistic extremes. Classicists and Romantics alike were unaware that the Solar System was on the verge of a human explosion.

It is against this seething background that the history of Gulliver Foyle begins.

He was one hundred and seventy days dying and not yet dead. He fought for survival with the passion of a beast in a trap. He was delirious and rotting but occasionally his mind emerged from the burning nightmare of survival into something resembling sanity. Then he lifted his face and muttered, "What's a matter, me? Help. Help is all."



He had been raised in the gutter school of the 25th century and spoke nothing but the gutter tongue. Of all brutes in the world he was among the least valuable alive and most likely to survive. So he struggled and prayed, but occasionally his raveling mind leaped backward to his childhood and remembered a nursery jingle:

Gully Foyle is my name
And Terra is my nation.
Deep space is my dwelling place
And death's my destination.

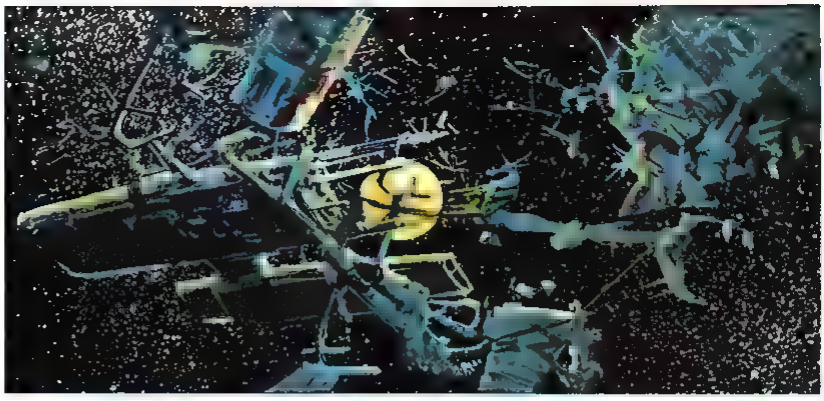
He was Gulliver Foyle.

Thirty years old. Big-boned and rough. The oiler, the wiper, the bunkman, too easy for trouble, too slow for fun, too lazy for love. The official record showed the lethargic outline of his character:

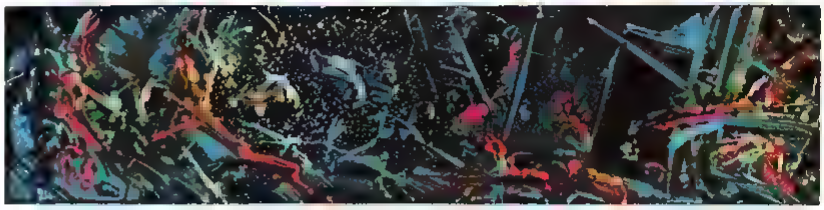
A man of physical strength and intellectual potential stunted by lack of ambition.

He had been content to drift from moment to moment of existence for thirty years like some heavily armored creature, sluggish and indifferent—but now he was adrift in space for one hundred and seventy days and the key to his awakening was in the lock.

The spaceship "Nomad" drifted halfway between Mars and Jupiter. Whatever war catastrophe had wrecked it had taken a sleek steel rocket, one hundred yards long and one hundred feet broad and mangled it into a skeleton on which was mounted the remains of cabins, holds, decks,and bulkheads.



The wreck was filled with a floating conglomerate of frozen debris that hung within the vessel like an instantaneous photograph of an explosion. The minute gravitational attraction of the bits of rubble for each other was slowly drawing them into clusters,which were periodically torn apart by the passage through them of the survivor still alive in the wreck—Gulliver Foyle.

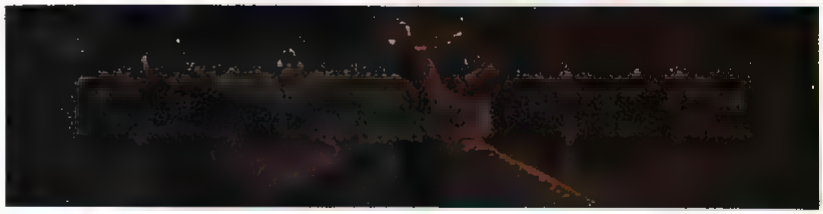


On the hundred and seventy-first day of his fight for survival, Foyle answered these questions. His heart hammered and his throat burned. He groped in the dark for the air tank which shared his coffin with him,and checked it. The tank was empty. Another would have to be moved in at once.

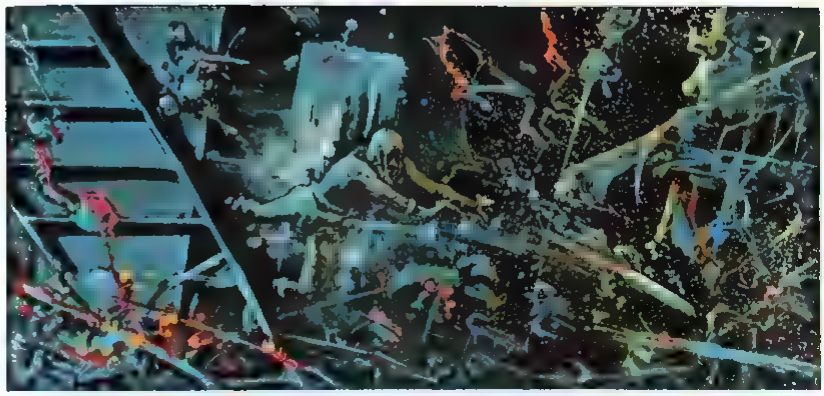
He lived in the only airtight room left intact in the wreck, the tool locker off the main deck corridor. The locker was four feet wide, four feet deep,and nine feet high. Foyle had existed in this coffin for five months, twenty days, and four hours.

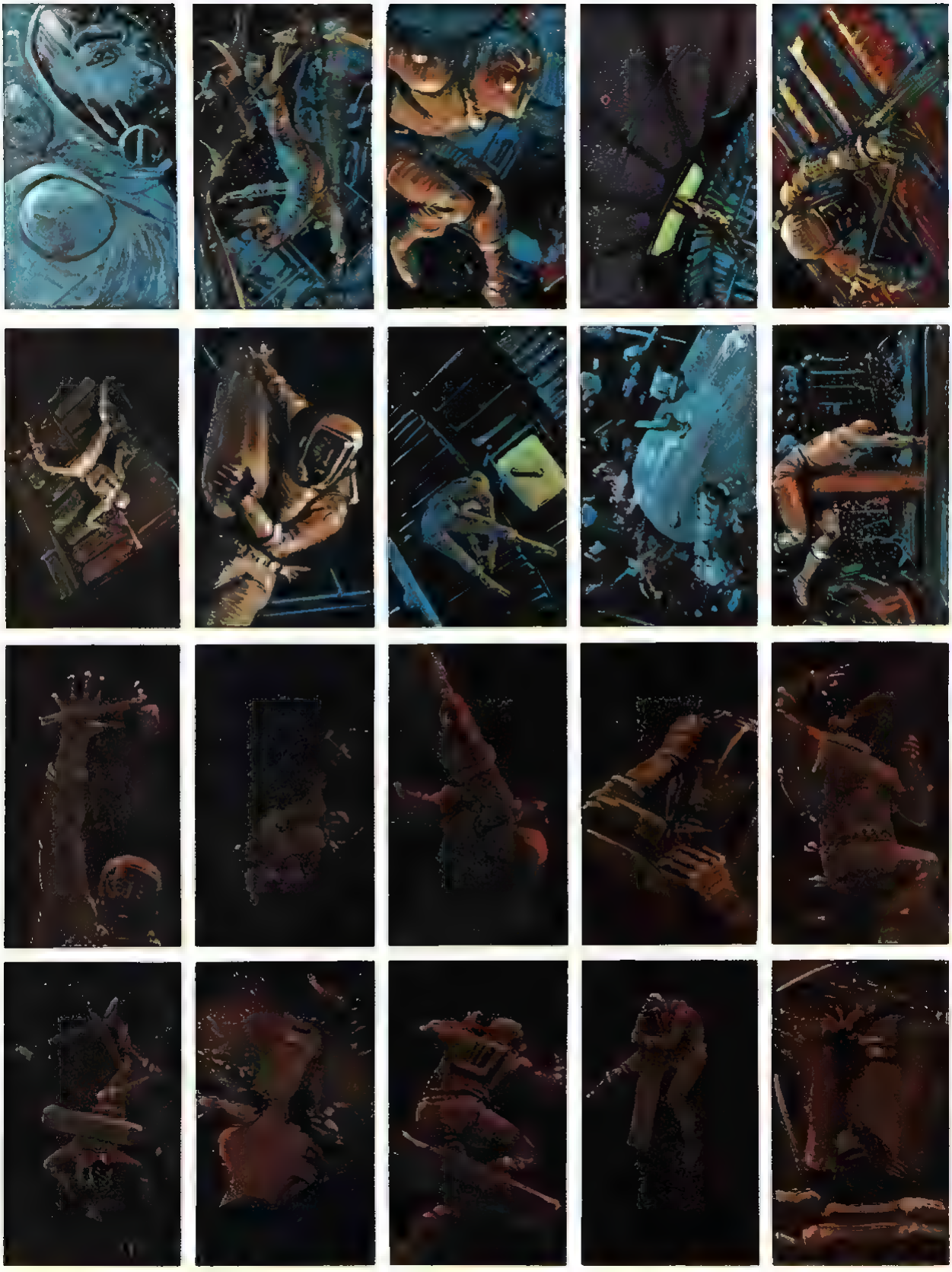
"Who are you?"
"Gully Foyle is my name."
"Where are you from?"
"Terra is my nation."
"Where are you now?"
"Deep space is my dwelling place."
"Where are you bound?"
"Death's my destination."

He felt through the locker shelves and located a torn spacesuit. It was the only suit aboard "Nomad", and Foyle no longer remembered where he had found it. He had sealed the tear with emergency spray, but had no way of refilling the empty oxygen cartridges on the back. Foyle got into the suit. It would hold enough air to allow him five minutes in vacuum.

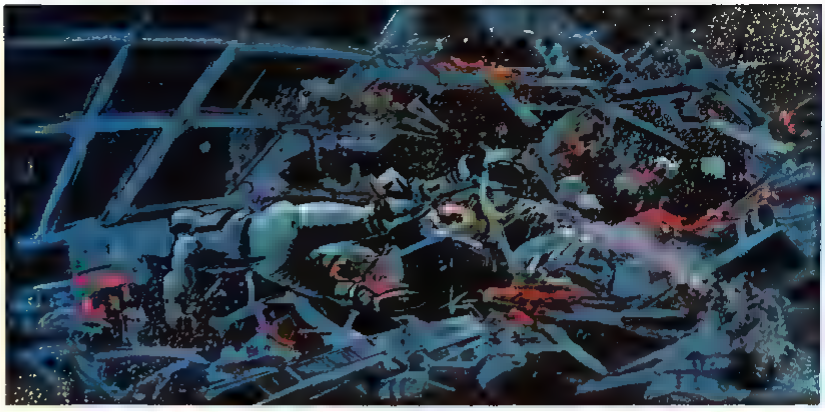


Foyle opened the locker door and plunged out into the black frost of space. The air in the locker puffed out with him and its moisture congealed into a tiny snow cloud that drifted down the torn main deck corridor. Foyle heaved the exhausted air tank,floated it out of the locker, and abandoned it. A minute was gone.

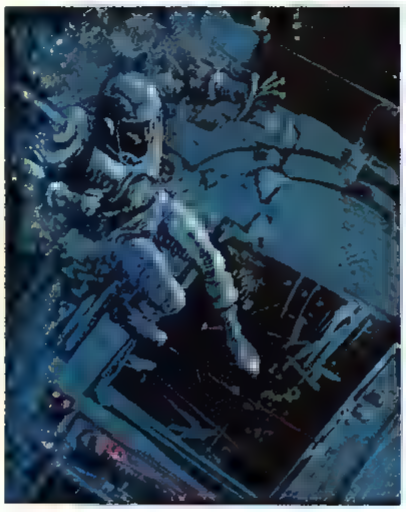




He squirmed down the main deck corridor and ascended a stairway to the control deck. Most of the walls were gone. The sun on his right, the stars on his left, Foyle shot aft toward the galley storeroom.



As Foyle passed through a corridor, he had a quick view of himself in the polished chrome of a broken door. Gully Foyle, a giant black creature, bearded, crusted with dried blood and filth, emaciated, with sick patient eyes. He turned away and headed toward the galley storeroom.



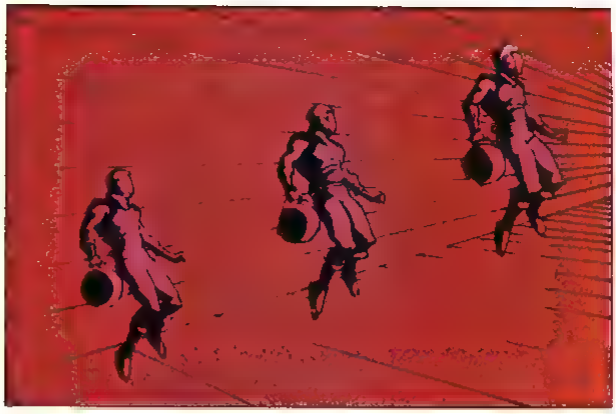
Foyle gathered up ration packets, concentrates, and a chunk of ice from a burst water tank. Putting it all in a cauldron, he turned and darted out.

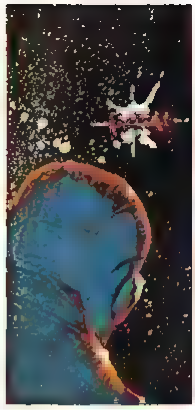
At the door to nowhere he glanced at himself again. Then he stopped his motion in bewilderment. He stared at the stars which had become familiar friends after five months. There was an intruder among them.

Then Foyle realized he was staring at a spaceship, stern rockets flaring as it accelerated on a sunward course that would pass him.

"No," he muttered. "No, man, no."

He was continually suffering from hallucinations. He turned to return to the locker. Then he looked again. It was still a spaceship.

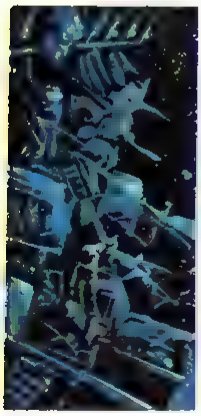




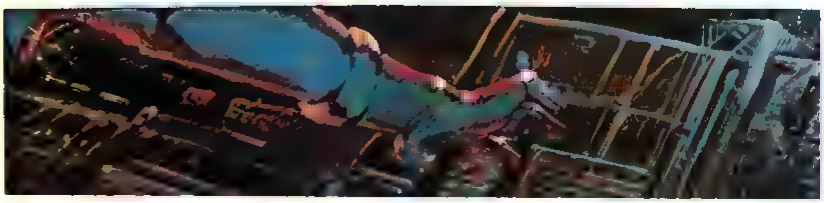
"Six months already," he said in his gutter tongue. "Is it now, God? If it's a ship, I'm yours. You own me. If it's a gaff, if it's no ship, I unseal right now and blow my guts. Yes or no. That's all."

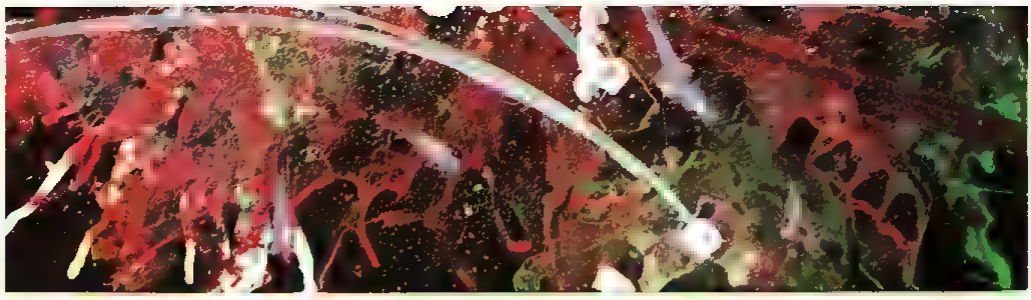
He looked and for a third time he saw a spaceship.

Foyle went hurtling down the control deck corridor toward the bridge, but at the companionway stairs he restrained himself. He could not remain conscious for more than a few minutes without refilling his suit.



He mounted to the control bridge. Through the starboard observation port he saw the spaceship, stern rocket still flaring, evidently making a major alteration in course for it was bearing down on him very slowly.





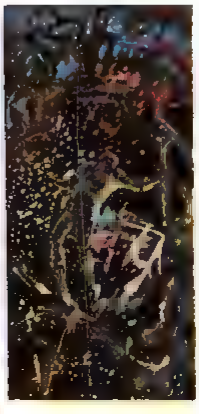
The flares flashed in space and the radioactives incorporated in their combustion set up a static howl that must register on any receiver.

The stranger's jets cut off. He had been seen. He would be rescued.

Foyle darted back to his locker and replenished his spacesuit. He began to weep. He gathered his only possessions—an egg slicer upon whose wires he would pluck simple tunes, a faceless clock which he kept wound just to listen to the ticking. He dropped them in his excitement, hunted for them in the dark, then started to laugh at himself. He refilled his suit and hurried back to the bridge.

The stranger slid into the outermost rim of light from the flares, approaching slowly, looking him over cautiously.

"Hurry up," he crooned. "Come on, baby you." For a moment Foyle was scared. The ship was so cautious he thought it could have been from the Outer Planets.



Then he saw the familiar red and blue emblem on her side, and Foyle knew she was a sister ship—a member of the fleet of the munificent, beneficent, industrial Presteign clan—Presteign of Terra. The "Nomad" was also a Presteign ship

The ship came abreast of Foyle, ports along its side glowing with friendly light, its name and registry clearly visible. She was "Vorga-T 1139"

The ship was alongside him in a moment, passing him in a second, disappearing in a third.

Foyle stopped dancing and crooning. He jumped to the panel and slapped buttons. Flares leaped from the hull of the "Nomad" in a madness of color, pulsing, pleading. "Vorga-T:1139" passed silently and implacably, as it accelerated on a sunward course

In five seconds he lived and he died. After thirty years of existence and six months of torture, Gully Foyle, the stereotype common man was no more. The key turned in the lock of his soul and the door was opened

Between Mars and Jupiter floats the broad belt of asteroids the most unique of which is Sargasso. A tiny planet made up of natural rock and wrecked salvage, it was inhabited by savages for two hundred years. They were the only savages of the 24th century; descendants of a research team that had been marooned in the asteroid two hundred years earlier. By the time their descendants were discovered, they had built up a world of their own, salvaging the parts of other ships and practicing a travesty of the scientific method they remembered from their predecessors. They called themselves the Scientific People. They were quickly forgotten.

"Nomad" looped through space in the slow spiral of a weakened animalcule. It passed Sargasso and was immediately captured by the savages to be incorporated into their little planet's architecture. They found Foyle.

He awoke once while being taken through the passages in the scavenger asteroid. He saw the plates with names of such long forgotten ships as "Syrtus Rambler" and "Three Ring Circus"—and glimpsed the hundreds of apartments, halls, storerooms and corridors those ships had become. In rapid succession, he was borne through an ancient Ganymede scow, a Lassell ice borer, a captain's barge, a Callisto heavy cruiser, and a 22nd century fuel transport.

Two centuries of salvage were gathered in this hive—books, costumes, chemicals, tools, and tapes. A crowd around the litter shouting, "Quant suff!" A chorus of savages bleated, "Ammonium bromide . . . gr. 1½, potassium bromide . . . gr. 3, sodium bromide . . gr. 2, citric acid . . . Quant suff." Foyle fainted

He awoke in the greenhouse of the asteroid where plants were grown for fresh oxygen. The distant sun blazed through; the air was hot and moist. Foyle gazed around dimly. A devil face peered at him. Cheeks, chin, and eyelids were hideously tatooed like a Maori mask. Across the forehead was tatooed "Joseph."

"We are the Scientific Race," he said. Foyle gazed at the grinning crowd surrounding his litter. All faces were masks; all had names blazoned across them.

"How long did you drift?" Joseph asked.

"'Vorga,'" Foyle mumbled.

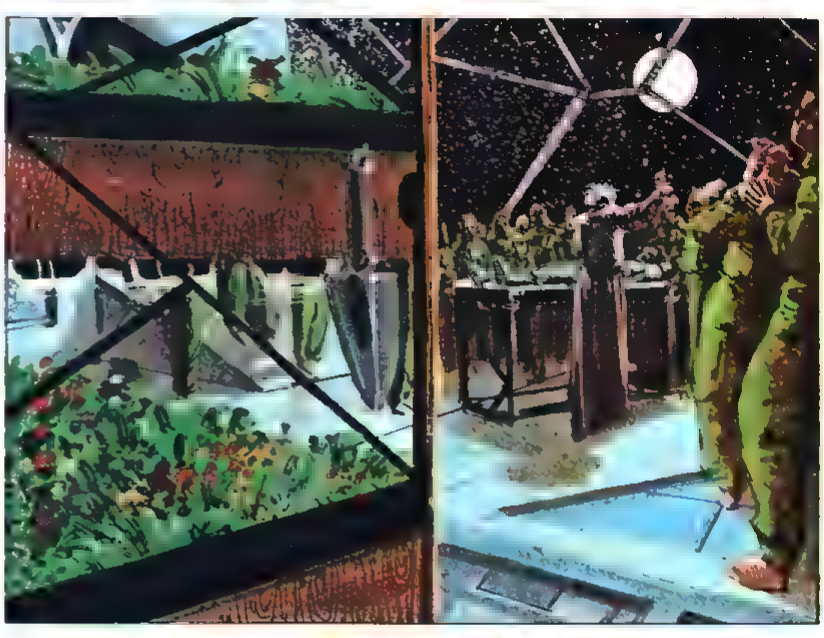
"You are the first man to arrive in fifty years. You are a puissant man. Arrival of the fittest is the doctrine of Holy Darwin. Most scientific."

"Quant suff!" the crowd yelled.

Joseph seized Foyle's elbow in the manner of a physician taking a pulse. "Ninety-eight point-six," he said, producing a thermometer and shaking it reverently. "Most scientific."

"Quant suff." came the crowd.

Joseph proferred an Erlenmeyer flask labeled, "Lung, Cat. c.s., hematoxylin & eosin." "Vitamin?" he inquired.



Foyle did not respond. Joseph removed a large pill, placed it in the bowl of a pipe, and lit it. He puffed once, then gestured. Three girls appeared before Foyle. Their faces were hideously tatooed Joan, Moira, and Polly. "Select," Joseph said. "The Scientific people practice natural selection. Be scientific in your choice. Be genetic."

As Foyle fainted again, his arm slid off the litter and glanced against Moira.

"Quant suff."

He was in a circular hall filled with a centrifuge, an operating table, a wrecked fluoroscope, autoclaves, and instruments. They strapped Foyle down on the operating table while he raved. They fed him. They shaved him. They bathed him. They turned on the ancient autoclave. It boiled and geysered. They turned on the fluoroscope.

Joseph appeared, a lurid ten-foot tapestry on stilts. He wore a gown embroidered with anatomical illustrations in red and black thread

"I pronounce you Nomad!" he said.

The uproar was maddening. Joseph tilted a rusty can above Foyle. There was the reek of ether

"Scientifically mated," Moira said proudly. "I have been inoculated with something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue."

Foyle struggled out of bed "Where are we now?"

"In our home, Nomad. You must marry every month and have many children This is scientific."

Foyle ignored her and explored. He was in the main cabin of a small rocket launch The main cabin had been converted into a bedroom. The control cabin was a parlor, but the controls appeared operative.

He thought.

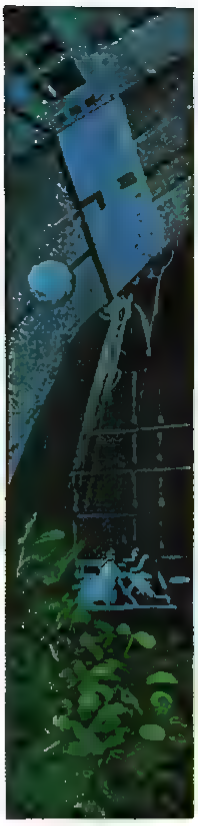
Foyle lost consciousness. Out of the night "Vorga-T:1139" surged again and again, on a sunward course that burst through Foyle's blood and brains until he could not stop screaming silently for vengeance.

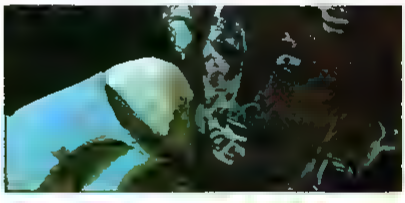
He awoke in a bed There was silence. The girl, Moira, was with him.

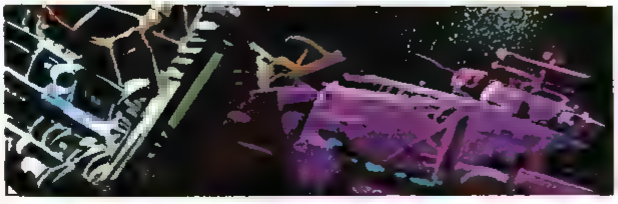
"Who you?" Foyle croaked.

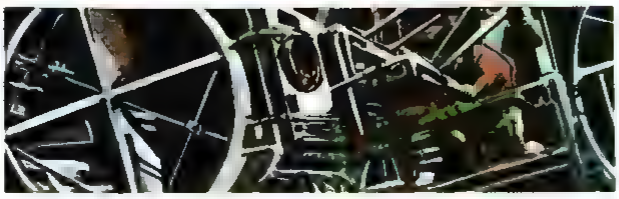
"Your wife, Nomad "

"What?"









He went aft to the kitchen, dismantled the stove. He reconnected fuel tanks to the original jet combustion chambers.

"What are you doing, Nomad?" Moira watched him

"Got to get out of here, girl," Foyle mumbled. "You dig me? Going to ram out in this boat, is all."

Moira backed away in alarm. Foyle caught the look of her eyes and leaped up. She screamed Outside, the Scientific People had started banging on the metal hull, a scientific charivari for the newlyweds.

Foyle pursued Moira patiently. He trapped her in a corner. She screamed loud enough to split the asteroid open, but the noise outside was louder. Foyle gagged her with her own clothes.

He returned to the engine room, finished the rough patching job.

"Leaving," he shouted in Moira's ear as he took her to the main hatch. "Take off. Blast right out of asteroid."

He shoved Moira out an open hatch. "Guesses for grabs what happens. Go warn'm. Go girl."

At the controls, Foyle pressed ignition. He waited for the temp to reach firing heat. The launch was cemented into the asteroid. He didn't know what would happen when the jets started their thrust, but he was driven to gamble by "Vorga."

The jets fired. The ship yawed, heated. There was a sharp squeal of metal. Then the launch grated forward, bursting out the asteroid into deep space.

An Inner Planets ship picked him up 90,000 miles outside Mars's orbit. After 7 months of shooting war, they were alert but reckless. The launch seemed abandoned. They went looking for bounty.

They found Foyle, crawling like a worm through the junkheap. He was ripe with gangrene and bleeding. They put him in solitary sick bay, no sight for even the tough stomachs of the crew.

The I.P. patrol finished its tour of duty. On the jet back to Terra, Foyle recovered consciousness and bubbled words starting with "V". He knew that only time stood between him and vengeance.

A sick bay orderly heard him and parted the curtains of his recovery room. Foyle's filmed eyes looked up.

"What happened?"

"What?" Foyle croaked.

"Don't you know?"

"What? What's a matter, you?"

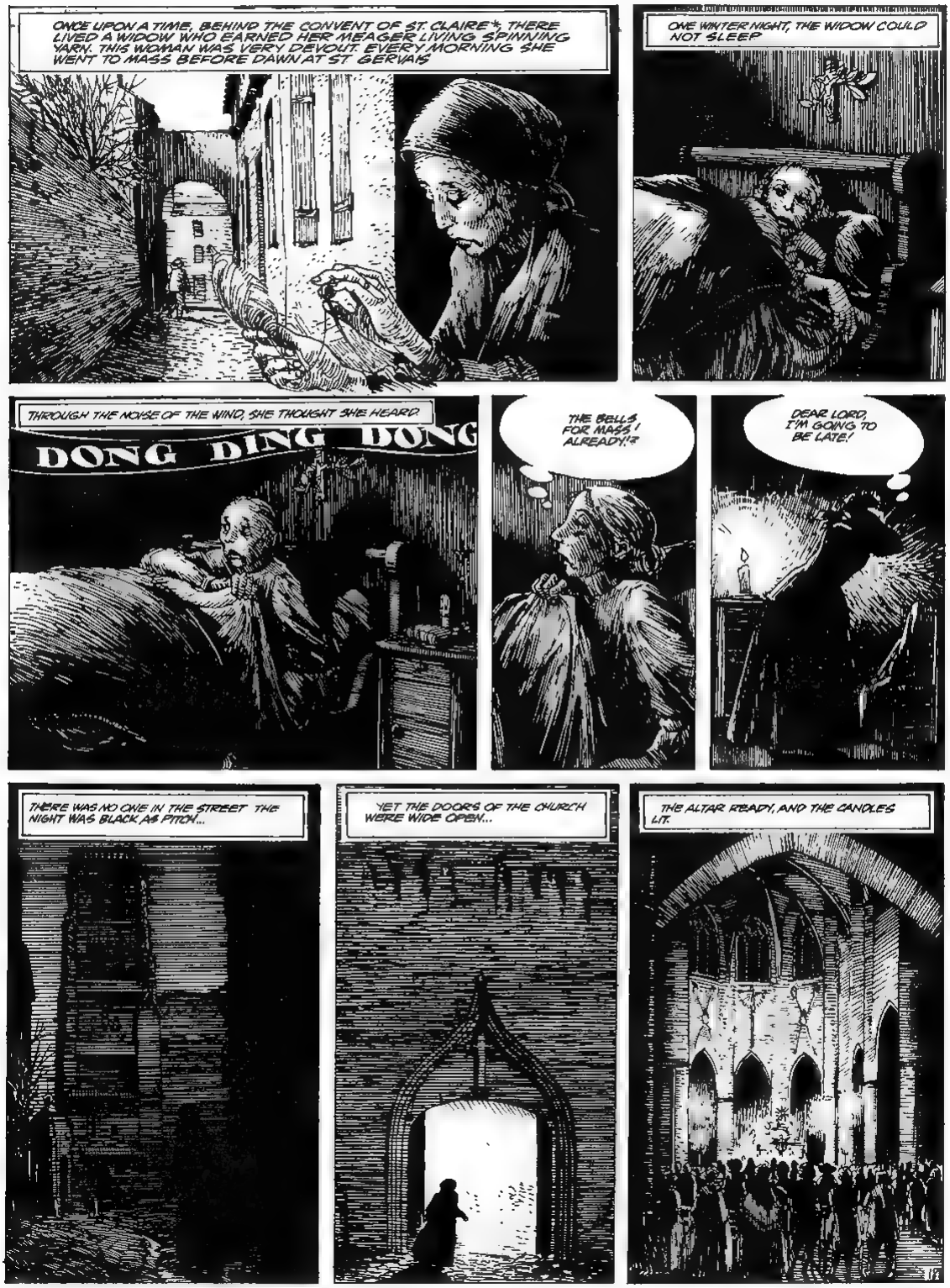
The orderly jaunted to a supply cabinet and returned five minutes later. Foyle struggled out of the fluid. His eyes blazed. "It's coming back, man. Some of it. I couldn't jaunte on the 'Nomad,' me. I was off my head."

"You didn't have no head left, you."

"I forgot how to jaunte is all. Still don't remember much. I feel very—"

He recoiled in terror as the orderly thrust the picture of a hideous tattooed face in front of him. It was a Maor. mask. Cheeks, chin, eyelids were decorated with stripes and swirls. Across the top was blazoned "NOMAD." Foyle cried out in agony. The picture was a mirror. The face was his own.

a mass for the dead


ONCE UPON A TIME, BEHIND THE CONVENT OF ST. CLAIRE*, THERE LIVED A WIDOW WHO EARNED HER MEAGER LIVING SPINNING YARN. THIS WOMAN WAS VERY DEVOUT. EVERY MORNING SHE WENT TO MASS BEFORE DAWN AT ST. GERVAIS
ONE WINTER NIGHT, THE WIDOW COULD NOT SLEEP.
THROUGH THE NOISE OF THE WIND, SHE THOUGHT SHE HEARD
DONG DING DONG
THE BELLS FOR MASS! ALREADY!?
DEAR LORD, I'M GOING TO BE LATE!
THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE STREET. THE NIGHT WAS BLACK AS PITCH...
YET THE DOORS OF THE CHURCH WERE WIDE OPEN...
THE ALTAR READY, AND THE CANDLES LIT.

*FORMERLY A CONVENT OF THE POOR CLAIRES, NOW USED AS A BOARDING SCHOOL BY THE NUNS OF THE SACRED HEART

THE WIDOW FOUND MANY PEOPLE THERE, DRESSED IN A STYLE OF BYGONE DAYS. THEY MOVED BUT MADE NO SOUND. SHE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM
SHE DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE PRIEST SAYING MASS..
. NOR THE ACOLYTES ASSISTING.
SHE CLEARLY SAW THE PRIEST MOVE HIS LIPS
AT THE MOMENT OF CONSECRATION, SHE ALSO SAW THE ACOLYTE RING THE BELL.
BUT SHE DIDN'T HEAR A WORD OR THE TINKLE OF BELLS
WHEN IT WAS TIME TO TAKE UP THE COLLECTION, A CLERGYMAN THE WIDOW HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE PASSED BY WITH A LARGE BRASS PLATE
EVERYONE DROPPED IN CROWNS, FLORINS, AND GOLD PIECES, THE COINS IN CURRENCY IN FORMER TIMES, NOT OFTEN SEEN TODAY. THE SILVER AND GOLD FELL INTO THE PLATE WITHOUT JINGLING

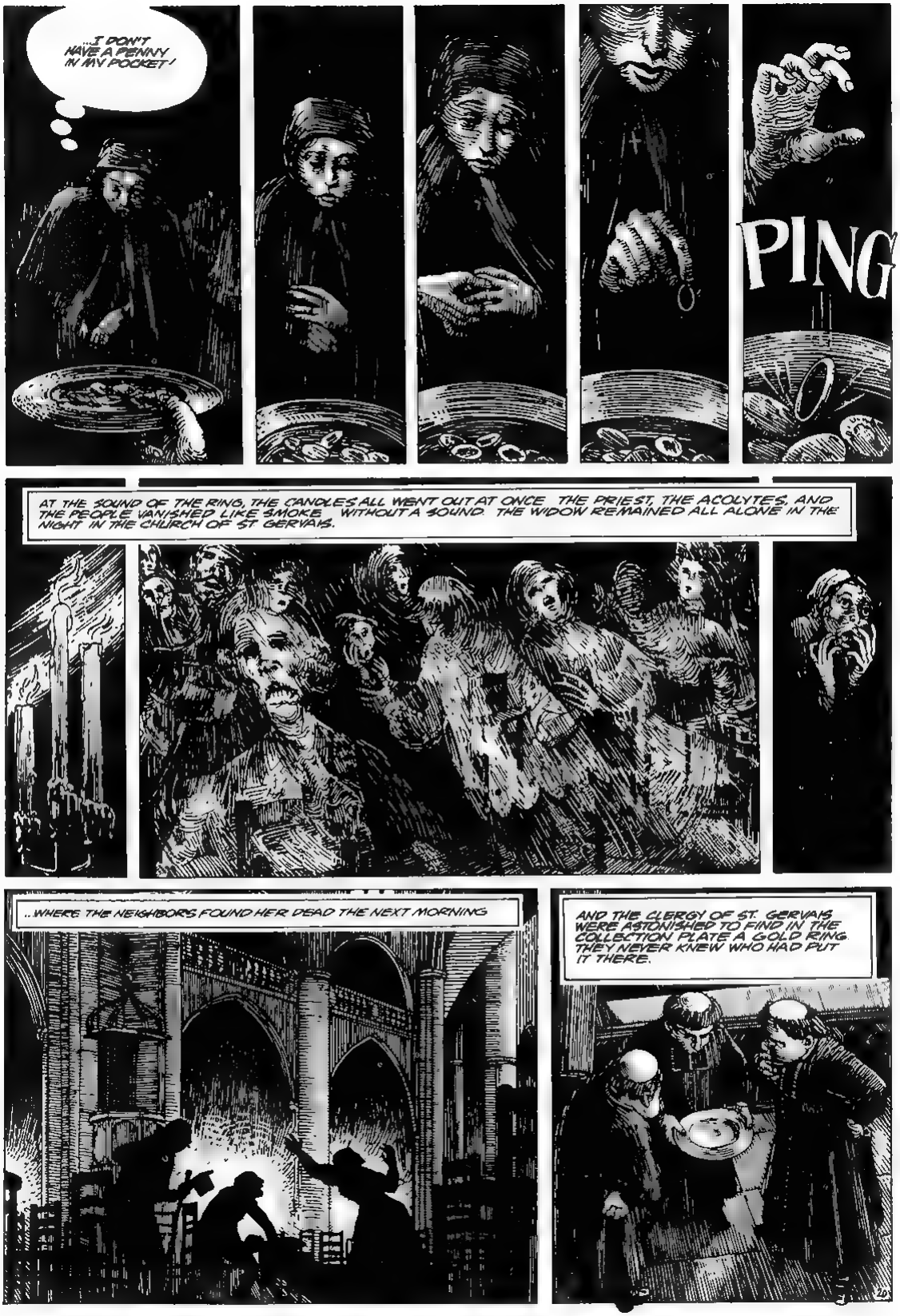
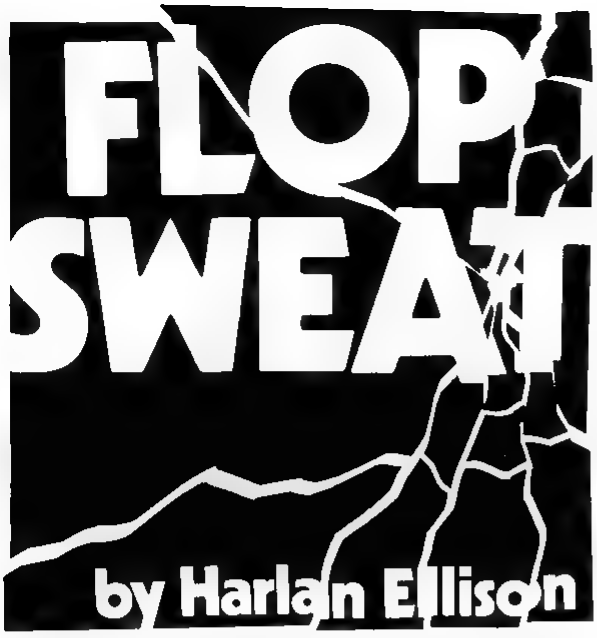

...I DON'T HAVE A PENNY IN MY POCKET!
PING
AT THE SOUND OF THE RING, THE CANDLES ALL WENT OUT AT ONCE. THE PRIEST, THE ACOLYTES, AND THE PEOPLE VANISHED LIKE SMOKE. WITHOUT A SOUND. THE WIDOW REMAINED ALL ALONE IN THE NIGHT IN THE CHURCH OF ST. GERVAIS.
...WHERE THE NEIGHBORS FOUND HER DEAD THE NEXT MORNING.
AND THE CLERGY OF ST. GERVAIS WERE ASTONISHED TO FIND IN THE COLLECTION PLATE A GOLD RING. THEY NEVER KNEW WHO HAD PUT IT THERE.

Illustration by Tom Barber



Her first guest of the evening sat across the table from her, there in the tiny broadcast booth, staring at her with unreadable green eyes showing through the mask. She was dead certain he was crazy as a thousand battlefields; but he was, without a doubt, one of the best interviews she'd ever had on the program. She knew it without a doubt because her hands were soaking wet with perspiration, and her upper lip above the glossed line of Ultima II was dewy with sweat.

When she had been in the theater, in the years before she had found that hosting a talk show was easier and steadier work, she had come to understand what the perspiration meant. In show biz they called it "flop sweat," the physical manifestation of nervousness just before going on stage. And during the seven years here at KDID, the flop sweat had dampened her palms and upper lip every time she'd had a dynamite show. It was a certain barometer of something happening.

But to call this strange man, dressed all in black, wearing a cheap K-Mart domino mask, the kind children wear at Halloween, a "happening" was to fling oneself face-forward into understatement. Brother Michael Darkness was more than a happening. He was a force of nature, a powerful presence, a disturbing reality, even if he was obviously a certifiable nut-case, a card-carrying whacko, a psychotic in the top one-tenth of the top percentile of emotional walking woundeds with whom she shared air-space.

"Reverend Darkness," she said, "it's almost the top of the hour, and we have to break now for the network news, but ..."

"*Brother* Darkness," he said, cutting her off.

She was nonplussed for a moment. His voice. It had the deep, warm, musky timbre of secrets whispered in dark rooms. When he spoke she thought of a stick of butter, squeezed through a fist. "Yes, of course; I'm sorry. You've told me several times you're not a minister. I'll try to remember, *Brother* Darkness." He nodded politely. She could not read his expression around the mask. He disturbed her fluid ease behind the mike. That didn't happen very often. Seven years at this gig had made her almost unflappable. "What I was about to suggest, Brother Darkness, is that we break for the news and you come back for the second hour of the show. My next guest is Dr. Jacob Theiss, a very well-known psychiatrist who works with the Los Angeles police, he'll be coming on to talk about this epidemic of razor-blade killings...and I think some of what you've been saying about evil in our times might be very interesting to have him comment on."

"I'd be pleased to stay, Miss Ketchum."

The way he said it made Theresa Ketchum almost regret she had suggested it. He made his acceptance sound as if they had entered into some kind of unholy alliance. But she signaled to Jerry, the engineer in the control room, and he turned up the network feed pot, and the news rushed in with drums and trumpets and the voice of the sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year announcer from New York.

Now she was alone with Brother Darkness. The on-air studio in which they sat was a claustrophobic box, fifteen by ten, with two windowed walls: one side looked into the control room; the other looked into the waiting room where Millie sat taking and screening phone calls from the general public. The studio seemed somehow smaller than usual, and throat-cloggingly filled with menace. And it had started out being such a *lovely* day.

She took off her earphones and racked them. She stood up, smoothing her skirt, and was suddenly aware of Brother Darkness looking at her not as a dispassionate "communicaster," but as an attractive woman, thirty-four years old, body tanned and well-toned from afternoons at the Beverly Hills Health Club, nose bobbed exquisitely by Dr. Parks, auburn hair coddled and cozened just so at Jon Peters's parlor in the Valley. She had a momentary flash of regret at not having worn something bulky and concealing. The blouse was too sheer, the skirt too tight, the whole image too provocative. But she had dressed for *after* the broadcast, for the party CBS was hosting that night at the Bonaventure to promote its new mid-season sitcom. The party at which she would use the sensual good looks, the tanned and well-toned body, the exquisite nose and brushfire hair to play some ingratiating politics; to move herself out of a seven-year rut on local talk radio and into a network job. Dressing with care this afternoon, before coming in to the station, she had given no thought to the effect on her guests, only to how she would present herself at the party. Attention where it mattered.

But Brother Michael Darkness was staring at her the way men stared at her in the Polo Lounge or in the meat-rack pickup bar of the Rangoon Racquet Club. And she wished she were wearing a caftan, a fur-lined parka, a severe three-piece tweed pant suit.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" She heard her voice coming thickly and distantly. Not at all the liquid honey tone she used as the trademark of an audio sex object when broadcasting.

"No thank you, Miss Ketchum. I'll just sit here, if that's all right."

She nodded. "Yes, of course. That'll be fine. I'll go get Dr. Theiss and be right back. We have five minutes before we're back on the air." And she escaped into the corridor quickly, finding herself leaning against the sea-green wall breathing very deeply.

Over the station speakers in the hall the newscaster was headlining the Los Angeles razor-blade slayings, commenting on the discovery that morning of an eleventh young woman, nude and with throat sliced open, in the bushes near the Silverlake off-ramp of the Hollywood Freeway. She heard the voice, but paid no attention.

She stepped into the waiting room beside the studio. Jake Theiss was leaning against the wall sipping coffee from a paper cup. The telephone switchboard was lit from one end to the other, all ten lines strobing with urgency. Millie looked up from the log and rolled her eyes. "Jesus, Terri, you've got a live one tonight. They're crawling down the wires to talk to him."

She felt her heart racing. "Keep the best ones on hold, I'll try to get to them after I introduce Jake."

Then she turned to Jake Theiss, who smiled at her, and it was as if someone had returned her stolen security blanket. He had been on the show a dozen times before, and they had even gone out several evenings. His mere presence reassured her.

"Theresa," he said, stepping away from the wall and taking her hand, "you look a trifle whiplashed."

She hugged him and kissed his cheek. "My God, Jake, have you been *listening* to him?"

The psychiatrist nodded slowly. "I have indeed. But it's not so much *what* he says, as the *way* he says it. A little de Sade, a little Gilles de Rais, echoes of Proterius, a smidgeon of Cotton Mather, and some direct quotes from the *Evangelium Nicodemi*, if memory serves well. All made contemporary by the addition of Jung, Freud, Adler, and Werner Erhard's look-out-for-number-one. Nothing particularly spectacular there, most modern demonologists plunder the same bag. But your Brother Michael in there has a sense of the dramatic, and a voice to match, and a nasty way of bringing in current events that...well...I can't say I'm looking forward to sharing a microphone with him."

She drew a deep breath. "Jake, *stop it!* This flake does a good enough job scaring the hell out of me on his own. I mean, it's like *Exorcist* time in there. When he starts talking about the return of the

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devils I swear to God I can *feel* the slimy things in that booth. And I never thought a kid's Halloween mask could chill me, but each time he looks at me with those green eyes I feel every part of my body trying to run away and leave my head behind."

Millie handed her a Kleenex from the box. "Your lip," she said. Theresa took the tissue and blotted herself.

"Okay, don't worry about it," Jake said, setting down the empty coffee cup. "I'll come on like the voice of rationality."

She smiled wanly, feeling like a fool. This was hardly professional behavior.

They walked back into the on-air studio just as the news was ending. Theresa moved to the console and flipped the toggle switch on the intercom. "Jerry, let's do the Southern California Buick dealers, Pacific Telephone, and Roto-Rooter. Is there a live tag on the Roto-Rooter commercial?"

The tinny voice of Jerry from the other side of the control room glass filled the booth. "Yeah. Ten seconds."

He ran up the cartridges and for a moment, before she turned down the sound in the booth, the Buick announcer's voice filled the air. When she turned back to her guests, Jake Theiss had already seated himself at the empty third mike, to the right of her swivel chair. She drew a deep breath and sat down. "Jake, this is Brother Michael Darkness; Brother Darkness, Dr. Jacob Theiss." She watched them shake hands. She studied Jake's face closely, but if he reacted to the touch of Brother Michael's hand, as she had reacted the first time he had touched her, the *only* time he had touched her, earlier that evening, the psychiatrist concealed the fact. Jake did not shiver. He smiled at Brother Michael and said, "I've been listening to the interview. Pretty strong medicine for a lay audience just around dinnertime, wouldn't you say?"

Brother Michael's face was impassive. "If you think I'm a fraud, Dr. Theiss, why not just come out with it. Mendacity is unappealing in someone who professes to being a man of science. Even such an alleged science as the study of the mind."

Theresa's heart beat faster. It was as though she had just received two separate and powerful electrical shocks, so close together they seemed one: outrage and fear at the antagonism of the man in black, which might lead in a moment to a thrown punch, and delight at the instant animus between Jake and the Brother, guaranteeing a controversial second hour for the show. She hated herself for feeling pleasure, but it was always this way when something terrible but promotable happened on the show.

"I didn't know you also read minds, Brother Darkness," Jake said, swallowing the affront. "If I wanted to call you a fraud, I'd certainly wait till we were on the air."

Brother Michael's tone softened. He knew he wasn't going to get a fight. Not now, at any rate. "I'm pleased to know you recognize the apocryphal texts. Too few practitioners of what you call 'the healing arts' familiarize themselves with the black documents of antiquity."

Theresa was lost.

"I beg your pardon, what do you mean?" Jake said.

"I mean: you were correct in recognizing my quote from the *Evangelium Nicodemi*."

A chill spread its web across Theresa's back. Jake had said that in the waiting room. How could Brother Michael have heard it? She reached over and flipped the toggle for Millie. "Did we leave the intercom feed open?" Millie shook her head no. Theresa stared at her through the glass. The chill spread deeper and farther. She looked at Jake with confusion.

He caught the look. "A condemned document dating from the third century. It describes Christ's descent into hell and a session of Satan's sanhedrin, his court."

The Roto-Rooter jingle was just ending and Theresa held up a hand for silence as she riffled through the sheaf of tags for commercials, and simultaneously punched the square red button that gave her a live microphone.

"So say good-bye forever to clogged drains caused by those tree roots that've grown into pipes. Get to the *root* of your problem by calling your Roto-Rooter service representative... ." She conversationalized the written tag, reading it with warmth and friendly understatement, but all the while keeping her eye on her guests.

"Well, we're back with Brother Michael Darkness, the head of the Euchite Sect, a group we're told has no affiliation with any orthodox or recognized religious denomination; a man who says he represents those who believe in the return of the dark forces that once ruled the earth. And we're being joined now by Dr. Jacob Theiss, M.D., Ph.D., a member of the governing board of the American Psychiatric Association. He's on the staff at the UCLA Medical Center, and the winner of many prestigious awards in the field of human behavior. Dr. Theiss, have you been listening to the interview so far?"

"Yes, Theresa. And I'm most intrigued by Brother Darkness and what he's been saying. But I think you're mistaken when you say that the Euchites are an unrecognized sect."

"Brother Darkness, correct me if I'm wrong, but weren't the Euchites an early Christian sect who believed that each man had a congenital devil that could be expelled only by constant prayer? They were supposed to have repudiated the sacraments and moral law, to have worshiped Lucifer as the oldest son of the Creator, isn't that right? About twelfth century, if I remember correctly."

Brother Michael leaned forward till his face almost touched the microphone. "Very good, Dr. Theiss. I'm pleased and surprised at your erudition. Quite correct, on every point."

"And you're reviving this sect here in Los Angeles, in the middle of the Age of Plastic?"

"When better? The time is right."

"What do you mean by that?" Theresa said.

"Just look around," Brother Michael said softly. "Everywhere a belief in the irrational and the obscure takes greater hold daily. Films tell us we are being watched by aliens from other worlds, or that demons infest the night; there is a frenzied rush to believe in astrology, in demonology and assassination conspiracies, in superstition and magic; we seek Messiahs on all sides; Atlantis, the Bermuda Triangle, lost worlds at the center of the earth, spirits speaking from the grave; Eastern mysticism... they dominate our every waking moment and plunge through our dreams at night. Do you think this is accidental? No, I'm sure you don't. You may be confused and frightened by it all, but in some secret part of your mind and your soul you understand that it is the first clarion call of the ancient devils, come again to rule us. As is only right and proper."

And they were off. Theresa barely had time to get in the live commercials required by the log and the FCC. She had to run them in clusters, knowing her listeners were pounding furiously on the busy telephone lines. Jake and the Brother went at it fiercely, with Jake trying to hold a line of logic and sanity against the ferocious dynamics of Brother Darkness's statements.

The first of the calls came in at twenty after the hour.

"Okay, let's take a break from this for a moment," Theresa said. "Wheeew! You two make my head spin. Let's hear what our listeners have to say. Dr. Theiss, Brother Darkness, if you'll use those headsets you'll be able to hear the caller. Okay. Hello, this is Theresa Ketchum and you're on KDID talk radio. Who's this?"

The voice that came across the line was strangely unisexual, neither male nor female, identifiable neither as young nor old. It seemed to be coming from a great distance, though it was clear and precise. "This is someone all of Los Angeles wants to know," the voice said. "I'm responsible for the razor-blade cleansings. You call them slayings, but I assure you, they're cleansings."

Through the glass, Millie's face filled with horror.

She grabbed for the private line and dialed. Theresa saw her frantic movements and knew at once she was dialing the police emergency number. 911. Thank God Millie was on tonight, and not Charlie, who was so slow on the uptake that he often patched through rambling dingbats.

"Come on, whoever you are," Theresa said, stalling for time so the police could trace back across the phone company's machinery to the line on which this self-proclaimed killer was speaking, "we know there are enough cuckoos out there who like to confess to crimes to fill the Forum. Why should we believe you're the razor-blade killer?"

"It isn't necessary that you believe. But here's a bit of information the police have been holding back: when I perform my cleansing operations, I always cut a pentangle into the sole of the left foot of my sacrifices."

He went on speaking, but Theresa saw Jake signaling her frantically. She hit the green button killing the live mike, and Jake gasped, "It's

him! Or her! I can't tell which! But that's even been kept out of the coroner's reports."

"How do you know?"

"For God's sake, Terri, I'm *working* with the LAPD on this! It's the killer, I tell you!"

She punched the mike to life. "Why are you calling us?"

The voice went on carefully, very steadily. "I just wanted to say it would serve you to listen to what Brother Darkness is saying. He's right, you know."

The most violent reaction came from Brother Michael Darkness. He grabbed the boom on the mike and pulled the instrument to him. "Whoever you are . you've got to stop this...it's awful...it's not right .you're a sick person ."

But the line went dead. The dial tone came over the open mike.

They sat there in silence, knowing that all over Los Angeles pandemonium was gripping the thousands of listeners to this program; knowing that if the station management was listening they were already calling in on the private lines to find out why the four and one-half second time-delay intercept hadn't been used; knowing that the police were on their way to the station; knowing that out there somewhere a lunatic was being primed to kill again. Surely that was what this portended. Another slaughter.

She didn't know what to say. For the first time in seven years she was too terrified and too stunned to let her sense of theatrics override her shock. But Jake had already jumped in.

"Brother Michael, do you know that person?"

"I swear to you, I have never heard that voice. I don't want you to think that my beliefs or the sect I represent have anything to do with murder."

"But that person, male or female - I can't tell which - that person says your doctrine is correct. That speaker was an adherent of what you profess. *Now* do you see what your insane, your profane doctrine leads to? Chaos! Lunacy! It makes it all right for madmen to kill innocent people!"

And Millie was waving frantically from the other side of the glass, signaling Theresa to pick up line three.

She punched up line three and started to say, "You're on KDID talk radio..." but the voice from the night came once again. "Don't try to trace me; you'll have no luck. I just want you to know that it all begins and ends tonight."

Theresa heard herself gasp, and then she barely managed to say, "What do you mean?"

And the voice said, "It's all coming together tonight. Have you looked out at the moon. It's full tonight. And everything you people believe, all the mad things, all the terrible things, all the things Brother Darkness calls 'the irrational' come together. Belief in the dark things, the ancient fears, the crazy things you all believe in your souls *really* move the universe. .all of it has become strong enough for the end of my cleansing labors . and the beginning of the Apocalypse."

And the mike went dead again.

Theresa cut in Millie's intercom. "Where did that come from?"

Millie was crying. "That was line three, from Orange County. But the first one was an L.A. line. It can't be!"

Jake's face was white with fear. "Oh, my God," he said, very quietly, the words trembling with terror.

Brother Michael was babbling, saying over and over, "I had nothing to do with it, nothing. I don't know him...I swear I didn't mean any harm... "

And as the hour wore to a close, there were two more calls. One on a line from Long Beach, the other on a line originating in Glendale. It was impossible for anyone to get from one of those far areas to another in the space of minutes; yet it was the same voice, and it happened.

And when the police came they took Brother Michael away. And Jake went with them, to help coordinate the mobilization of every available cop in the city. And when the hour ended Theresa was left sitting in the booth, shaking with terror.

Party tonight? No, not possible. No party tonight. Perhaps no party *any* night. That voice, the calm in the words, the certainty. Tonight: the Apocalypse. And one word from the razor blade killer's last message: Armageddon. The final battle between good and evil, the last battle between the forces of the Creator and the dark demons who had been banished before man walked the Earth.

"Terri, I'm going home now."

It was Millie's voice from the other side of the glass. The control room was empty. Jerry had gone. Theresa looked up dazedly, nodded once, and tried to rise. She found she had lost the strength to leave this terrible little box, at least for the moment. "Go ahead, Millie, I'll see you tomorrow." She let her hand lie on the console after releasing the toggle. Millie left.

She knew there were other people in the building. In other studios, KDID was carrying on; even in the face of what had gone out over the air tonight. She found that she was too frightened to leave, to go out through the corridors, past the security desk, into the parking lot with its high wire fence, to get into her car all alone, and to drive across town to her apartment. No. She would stay here. Safe in the booth. Locked away from whatever might happen tonight.

There was a faint light in the empty control room.

She looked through the glass, strained forward to see what it was, moving toward her. A faint purple light, soft and blurred, like a fading bruise on battered flesh. And now another light, in the glass of the waiting room on the other side of the studio. She stared from one to another, watching them moving slowly toward the glass partitions. Now another light in the control room. And another. Two more in the waiting room.

There was a rumbling beneath her feet. The studio trembled with the reverberation of an impact in the earth. Through the soundproofed walls came the dull roar of explosions. Temblors rippled the floor ; the vinyl tiles buckled around her feet.

The faint lights moved closer. Figures coming toward the glass. Stopping to stare in at her. Figures in long black garments, with drawn cowls that covered their faces. And strange, sickly purple light, the faintest, most terrible glow, shining out from beneath the cowls. They stared in at her. She could see no eyes, but they were staring in at her.

They raised their arms slightly, slowly, and the sleeves of their black robes fell back, revealing their hands. Theresa found that she could not breathe, that her chest was convulsing with the pain of her wildly beating heart.

Their fingers did not end in flesh. Metal. Sharp, cold metal; thin and final. This was the answer to how phone calls from the same person could come from distant sources.

There was the sound of movement just outside the door of the studio. The walls shook with the echoes of the cataclysm outside. The roaring was louder now.

And in the moment before the door opened she had the final, petrifying thought that she had been part of it all, had spread the doctrine of irrationality and superstition every night for seven years, had given a platform to every demented True Believer whose wild fantasies might build her audience.

And now her worshipers had come to sacrifice their very own prophet. She felt cold and dead already, could feel the chill slice of the thin, metal fingertips. Her palms were soaked with sweat in expectation of the final performance.

The door opened, and they filed in to fill the studio. They stood staring at her as she felt her life clog up in her throat and arteries. They raised their arms, and the sleeves fell back from pale flesh and metal fingertips. She waited for the first touch.

And they sank to their knees, lifting their arms in supplication. She began to tremble with the rictus of a scream shaking her like a fever. Now she knew the worst, now she understood:

She was not to die. She had broadcast the word for them, every night for seven years, and she was not to die. She would be their dark priestess. Like the others who had done their spadework, like the others who had spread the word, she was to be kept alive, perhaps forever.

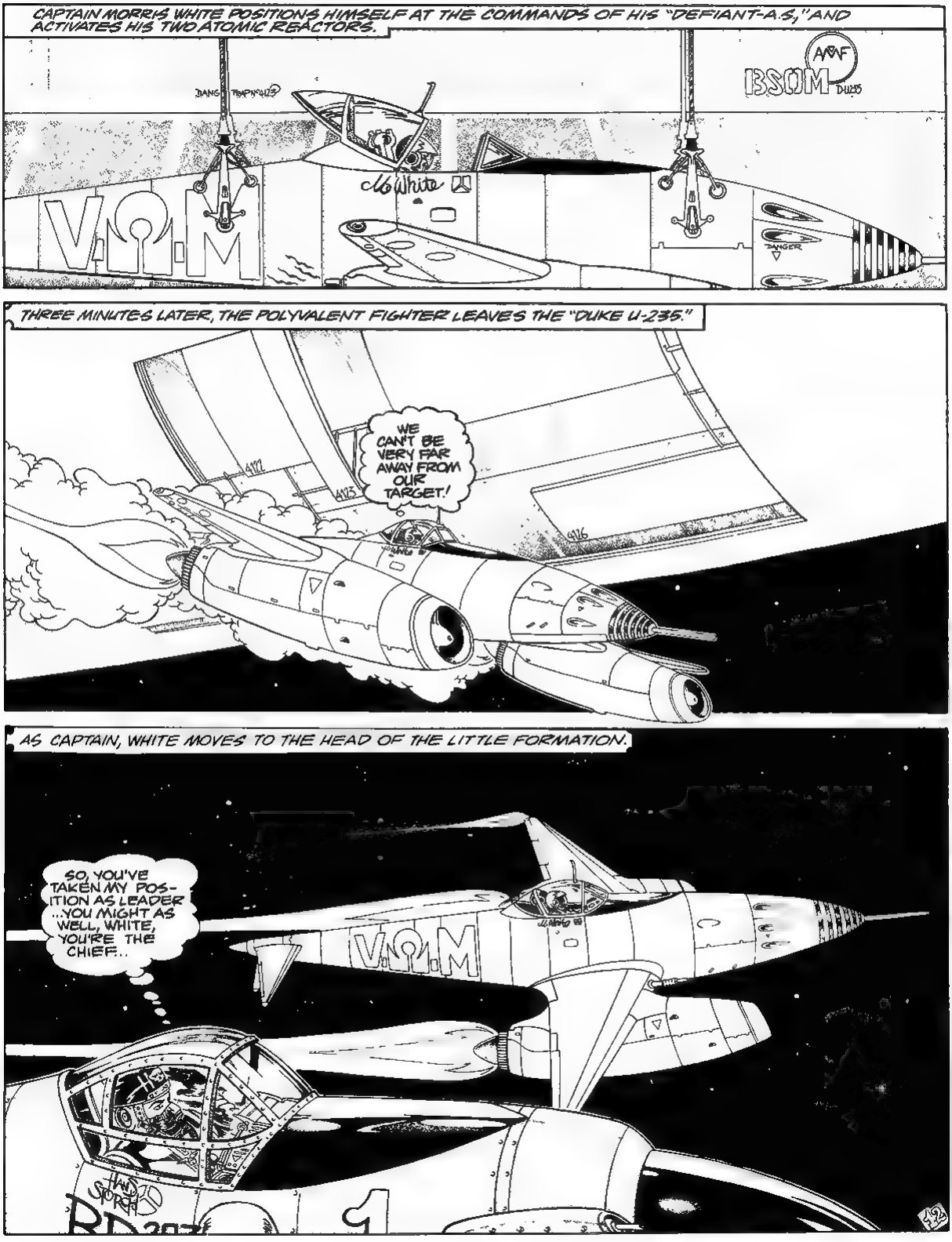
Dark priestess in a world of desolation, ruled by devils, cleansed of humanity. She would not die!

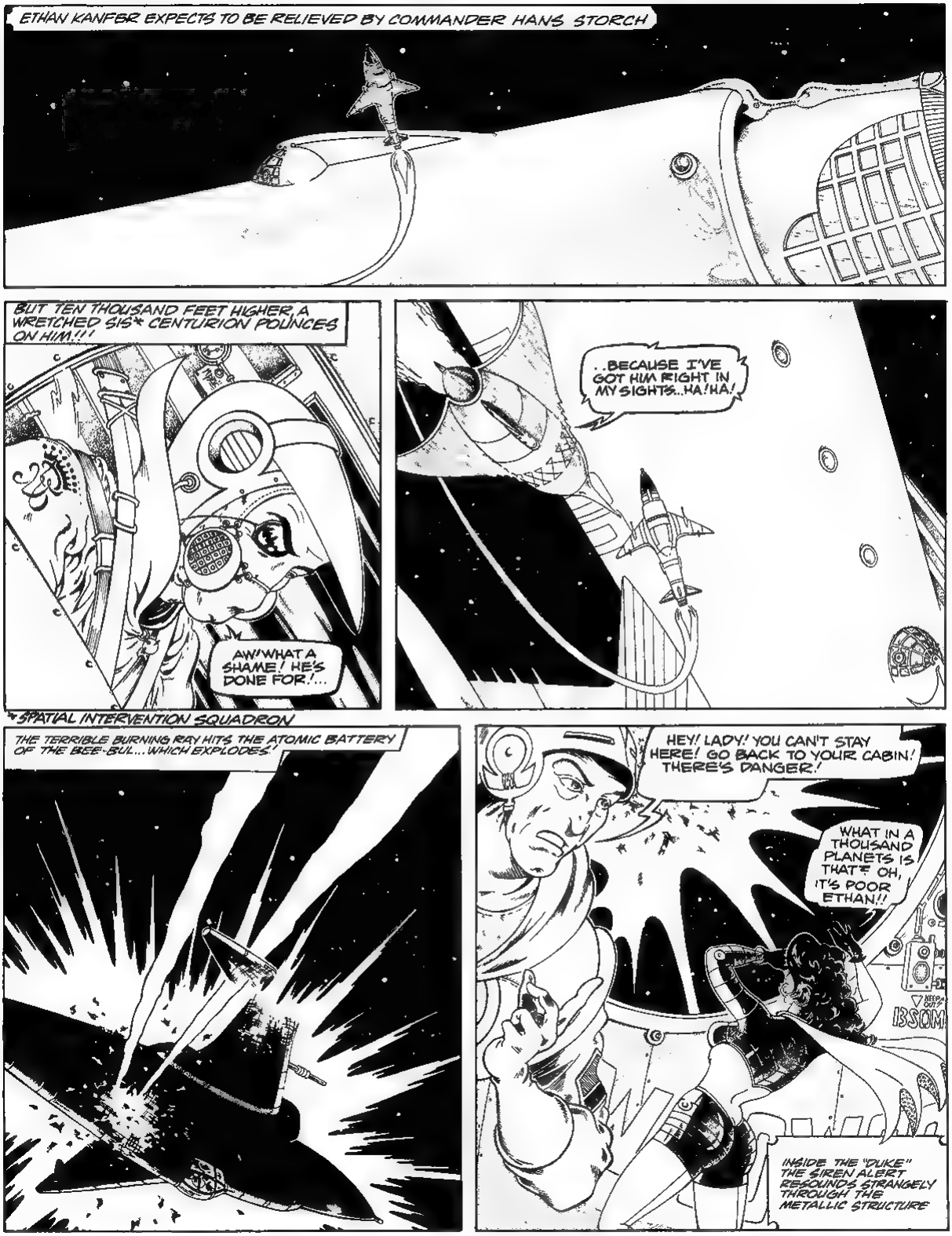
More ruinous than death· to rule forever in Hell. Lovelessly alive; worshiped by eaters of the darkness. To live on, coated always with a cold sweat, through a final performance that had no curtain, no exit lines.

Her scream could have shattered glass, but it didn't; it merely resonated against the metal fingertips of her subjects, her masters.

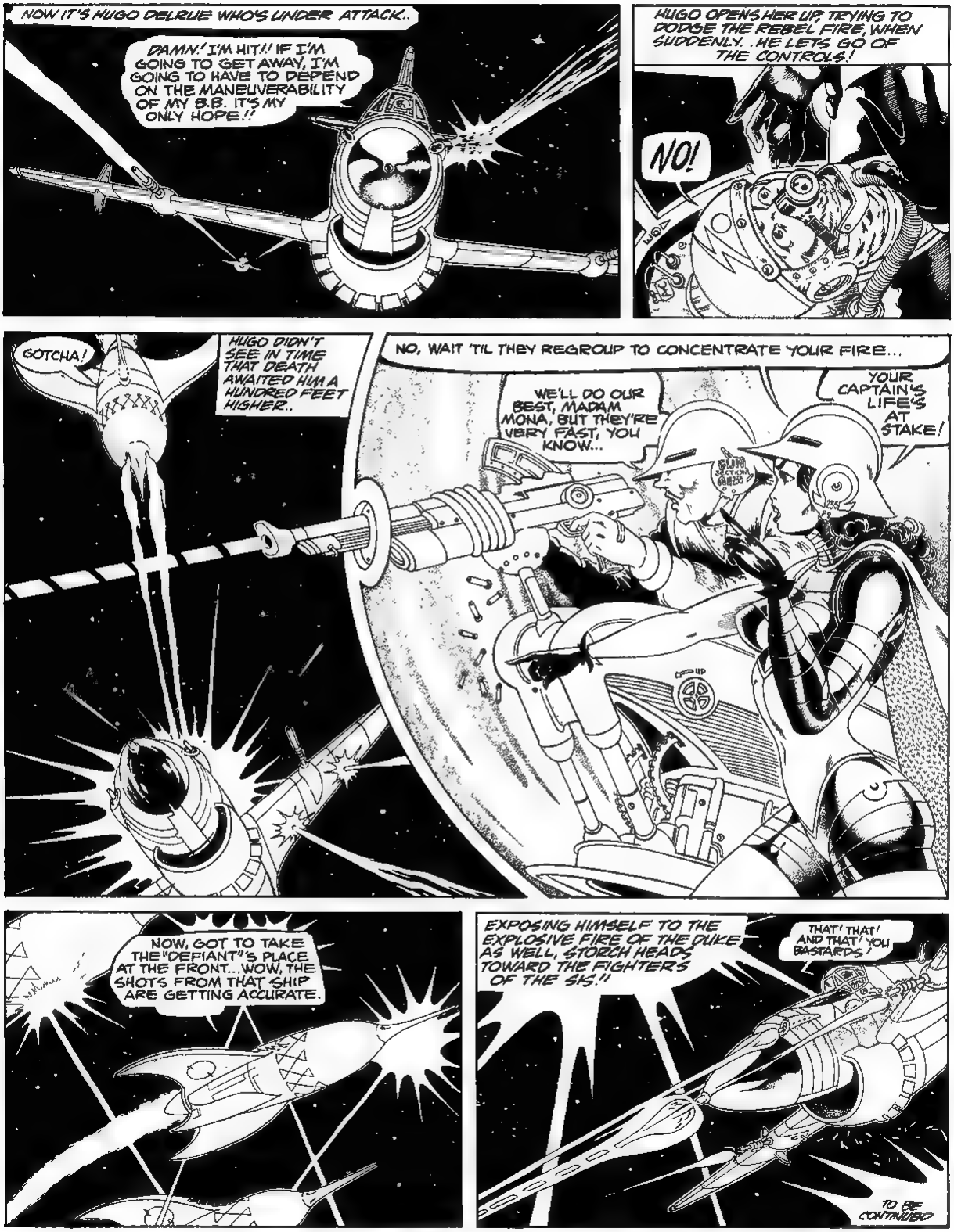
From the burning world beyond the studio came the wind whisper of the plague of locusts. ■

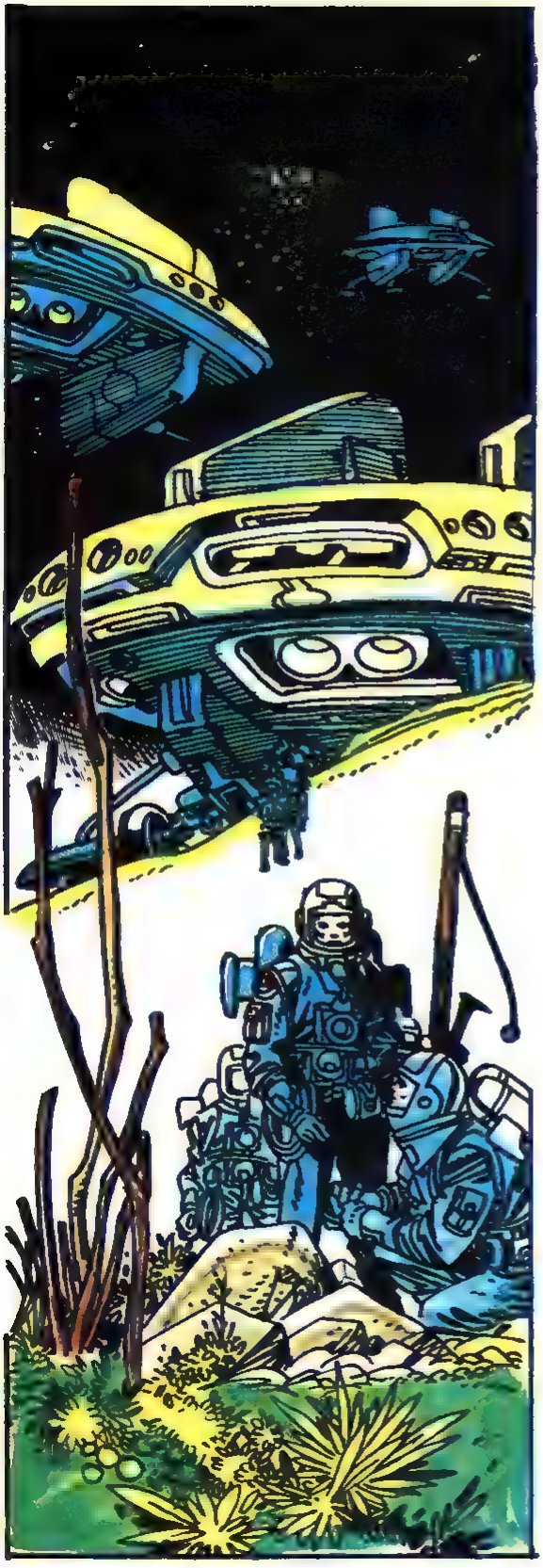
THE GREAT TRAP
OUR STORY SO FAR: JIM KILLED HIMSELF UPON ENTERING THE COSMIC INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE DIABOLICAL PLANET, TO WHICH THE LITTLE SQUADRON OF CAPTAIN WHITE MUST LAY SIEGE...
JIM'S DEAD AND PERHAPS MORRIS WILL DISAPPEAR, SHOT DOWN SOMEWHERE IN SPACE...
Part Two
NO! HE CAN'T DIE! HE CAN'T! I LOVE HIM TOO MUCH!!
White HERO OF Metal
THE PACK OF FISHER


CAPTAIN MORRIS WHITE POSITIONS HIMSELF AT THE COMMANDS OF HIS "DEFIANT-A.S," AND ACTIVATES HIS TWO ATOMIC REACTORS.
V.O.M
M. White
THREE MINUTES LATER, THE POLYVALENT FIGHTER LEAVES THE "DUKE U-235."
WE CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY FROM OUR TARGET!
AS CAPTAIN, WHITE MOVES TO THE HEAD OF THE LITTLE FORMATION.
SO, YOU'VE TAKEN MY POSITION AS LEADER ...YOU MIGHT AS WELL, WHITE, YOU'RE THE CHIEF..
V.O.M


ETHAN KANFBR EXPECTS TO BE RELIEVED BY COMMANDER HANS STORCH
BUT TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGHER, A WRETCHED SIS* CENTURION POUNCES ON HIM!!!
AW! WHAT A SHAME! HE'S DONE FOR!...
..BECAUSE I'VE GOT HIM RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS..HA!HA!
*SPATIAL INTERVENTION SQUADRON
THE TERRIBLE BURNING RAY HITS THE ATOMIC BATTERY OF THE BEE-BUL... WHICH EXPLODES!
HEY! LADY! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE! GO BACK TO YOUR CABIN! THERE'S DANGER!
WHAT IN A THOUSAND PLANETS IS THAT? OH, IT'S POOR ETHAN!!
INSIDE THE "DUKE" THE SIREN ALERT RESOUNDS STRANGELY THROUGH THE METALLIC STRUCTURE

OH, NO! NOT ETHAN! MY BEST PILOT, SHOT DOWN BY THOSE ROTTEN... NO!
COMMANDER STORCH SCARCELY HAS TIME TO GET SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THE FATE OF HIS MATE, AS HE ESCAPES THE ACCURATE SHOT OF THE SIS'S SECOND ATTACK OF BURNING RAYS!!
I HOPE THEY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE DOING.
WHAT'S STORCH DOING? IS HE OFFERING HIMSELF AS A TARGET TO THE REBELS?
THE FIGHTERS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OPENING LEFT BY HANS STORCH TO ATTACK THE "DUKE-U-235."
NO! HE'S BREAKING FORMATION!
EVEN IF IT CAN'T BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE, I'LL AVENGE YOU, ETHAN!


NOW IT'S HUGO DELRUE WHO'S UNDER ATTACK..
DAMN! I'M HIT!! IF I'M GOING TO GET AWAY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DEPEND ON THE MANEUVERABILITY OF MY B.B. IT'S MY ONLY HOPE!!
HUGO OPENS HER UP, TRYING TO DODGE THE REBEL FIRE, WHEN SUDDENLY.. HE LETS GO OF THE CONTROLS!
NO!
GOTCHA!
HUGO DIDN'T SEE IN TIME THAT DEATH AWAITED HIM A HUNDRED FEET HIGHER..
NO, WAIT 'TIL THEY REGROUP TO CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE...
WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MADAM MONA, BUT THEY'RE VERY FAST, YOU KNOW...
YOUR CAPTAIN'S LIFE'S AT STAKE!
NOW, GOT TO TAKE THE "DEFIANT"'S PLACE AT THE FRONT.. WOW, THE SHOTS FROM THAT SHIP ARE GETTING ACCURATE.
EXPOSING HIMSELF TO THE EXPLOSIVE FIRE OF THE DUKE AS WELL, STORCH HEADS TOWARD THE FIGHTERS OF THE SIS!!
THAT! THAT! AND THAT, YOU BASTARDS!
TO BE CONTINUED



"Ha! Machines are supposed to wander, not wonder! We are living in 'civilized times'," Flan laughed, quoting one of the Galactic Federation's favorite slogans. "War – and the warbot – are obsolete. Besides," and again he stared thoughtfully out of the port, "we'll be facing war of a different sort tonight at the royal dinner – verbal thrust and counterstroke amid lace and candlelight."

Mark checked his holo image: the high-waisted, midnight blue mariner dress trousers, properly bloused; tunic molded to his solid frame, the Sunheart pendant hanging like a splinter of frozen lightning against his chest; pistol, saline ampoules, and chuff-club lashed to his belt.

Not bad for a wandering Spacer – or the unwilling heir to a throne of Empire, he told himself as he pushed back a restless lock of coalsack hair. A tiny translucent duplicate of himself, almost five inches tall, stood on the rotating hologram platform, aping his every move. He studied his light-twin. The figure *did* look thin, perhaps even a bit *haggard.* His mother, the Empress, would no doubt comment on *that.*

He found his mind slipping free once again as the curving, seamless walls of the ship dissolved in a black mist. Once again he was in the drag cage, suspended between suns, pacing off the endless star watches....

" – GO!" The warbot was already halfway down the tunnel, muttering to itself. Sighing, Flan grabbed a mask and caught

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STARCROWN

BY JOHN POCSIK
PART II

up just as the hatch separated into four wedge sections.

Blasts of superheated air hammered at his body. Enveloped in the stark light, Flan Sunheart sagged in the airlock, waiting for the nausea to pass as his body adjusted to the high temperature. He felt the press of Ilium's greater gravity in his bones. Even his mask's element filter could not prevent the sour reek of the nearby decaying sea from penetrating.

He was sorry to be leaving the ship. The *Omega Wing* had been home for the two of them for almost four hundred solar days. True, there had been times when they had both wished they were *anywhere* else but prisoned in the sleek monofin craft – hours of boredom, sleeplessness, and the ever-present "cockpit nerves." But the *Wing* had never failed them; it had proven a warm and comfortable sanctuary in the eternal night of space. Now, however, it seemed abandoned, lifeless, and the moment ineffably sad.

"This is no time for sentiment," PEW grated, brushing past him. "I can't wait to be off this boat."

Sunheart remained where he was, feeling the solidity of his ship. His ship! The best modified scouter in the entire Galactic fleet. The techs would have the *Wing* refitted within hours: the ion drive pulled and checked out, solar vane settings calibrated, the in-space computer programs enhanced by new data.

He felt better, although his lungs still seemed on fire. Sweat was oozing from his pores – a perfectly normal reaction. The wind lashed his hair. Setting his eye lenses for maximum shade, he started to descend the ramp carefully. PEW was some distance below him, meshing downgear loudly.

◊ **we have company** ♦

The telepathic twang made him raise his heavy head.

A dark mass of men stood waiting at the bottom of the ramp – two rows of black-garbed Imperial Security Service agents – sensodim rifles held against their armored chests in a vague approximation of salute. Visor-protected, eyeless, faceless, their presence seemed menacing in the blazing afternoon.

Their leader stamped forward. Unlike the rest, he carried only a short gray metal rod, whose crimson tip was blinking. The intricate, twining design of the House of Mord – the house of Nekron Corona, Lord-Commander of the Imperial Armada of Ilium Prime – was highly visible on his left shoulder; strangely, the youth noticed, the Sunheart crest was missing from his right. The name on his polished helmet read *SPAR 777 – CPT (Maserman).*

He cleared his throat as a cloud of dust rolled in upon them.

"Offworlders are required by the regulatories of Ilium Prime to present themselves for inspection. Your craft will be searched; illegal material – so defined by Federation laws – will be confiscated, and such charges as are deemed fit and

prudent will be rendered. Hand over your life reader and shipmaster's papers."

PEW veered toward the guardsmen; they had to break formation to get out of his path.

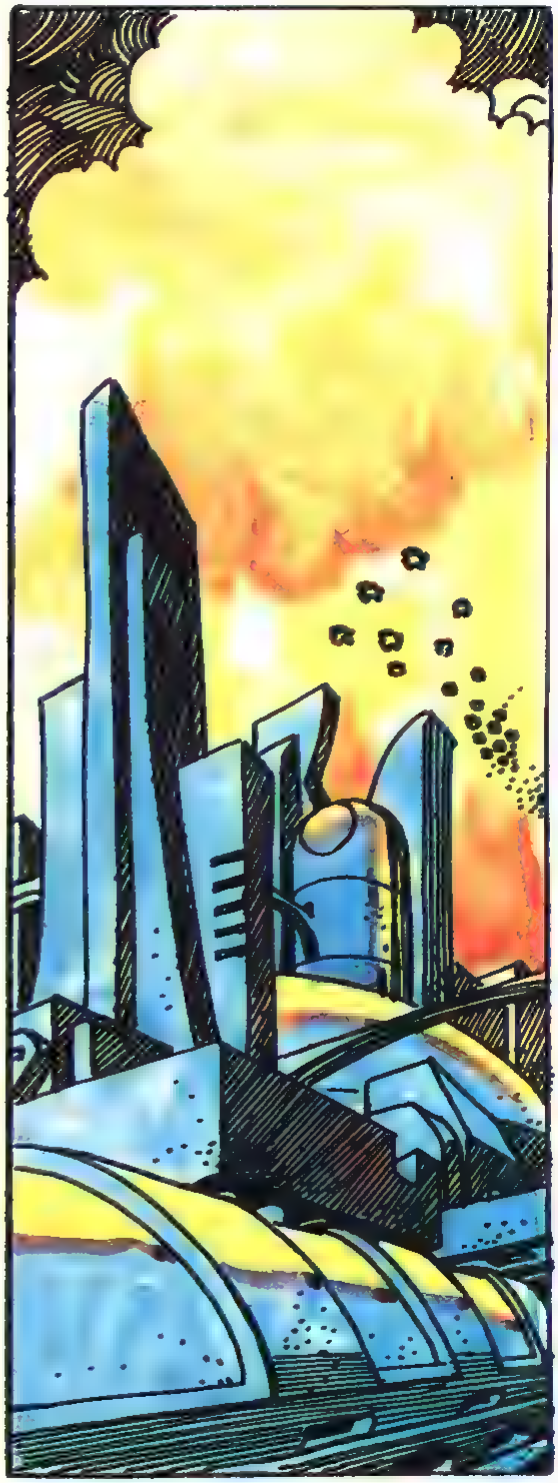
Smiling amiably, Flan spoke so softly that only the man facing him could hear.

"Captain Spar, look at my pendant. It is the ancient design of the Sunhearts, who have been the guardians and servants of the Starcrown for more than five hundred years. By that law which you've just cited, you too should be wearing this symbol, for you stand in the service of Alidin Sunheart, lord of this planet and Adjudicator Imperex of the Whorl System. I am his son, and thus your potential ruler, and while it is not my habit to flaunt this fact of biological accident, nothing would give me greater pleasure at this moment than to see you flinching at my feet for your insolence! Is this the way you greet visitors to my father's world?"

Spar 777's lips began to quiver; his eyes showing barely restrained anger.

"My Lord Corona has issued very specific orders concerning all arriving spacecraft... "

"And as we both know, my Lord Corona has aspirations to rule this planet. But first he must rule the Sunhearts, and this he does not do. So, in the name of your Emperor, my father, I rescind those orders. Have you anything further to say to me, Captain, before we melt in this heat? Form your men up while we wait for my escort."



The officer's jaw flexed, showing a hint of dark metal just beneath the dead skin where a graft had not healed properly. Slowly, the man removed his glare-spex. *Weak eyes,* was Sunheart's first thought.

◊ **watch his hand** ♦ came PEW's warning.

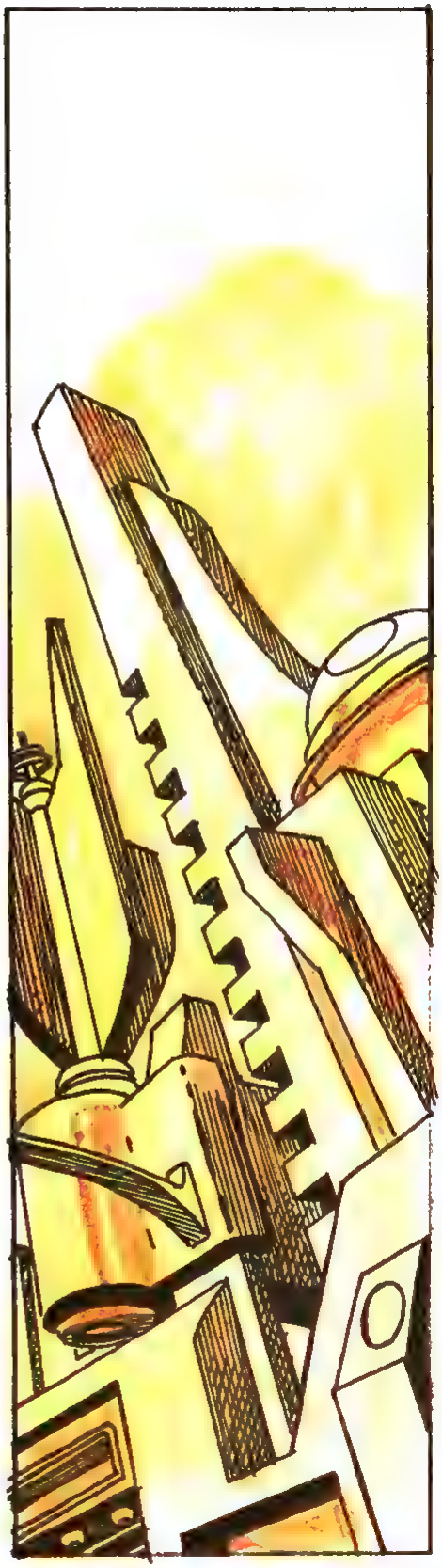
Spar's fist rose, rod poised to strike.

"Don't!" Sunheart commanded.

Both figures stood tensed for one instant more, then Spar's eyes began to dart nervously about; his arm fell limply to his side (rod tip sparking against the landing grid),and he sagged, beaten, within his glossy leathers. Turning on his heel, he signaled for his men to form up while they waited for the screamcar bearing the Sunheart insignia to settle.

◊ **i will not forget this landing if i survive to two hundred : : : something is not right here : : : there has not been this much security since the behemoth wars.** ♦

While the drivers were hoisting the warbot into the car's chilly interior, Sunheart paused to grin back at Spar. The maserman was speaking urgently into a voxbox. Shaking his head, the youth swung himself into the car. A copper-skinned girl with sea-green hair – a novice of the Far Sight sect – knelt before him, eyes lowered, proffering a vessel of precious water and a purple, gold-bordered towel. The doors hissed shut and the screamcar swept forward at top speed, soundless as an intake of breath. The *Omega Wing,* the black knot of figures, the



hovering Armada transports receded swiftly, were lost in the haze and glare.

And echoing the warbot's query, his own: *What is going on here?*

" – busty. Pelayni and I have been working with the Minds on the contracts for mining operations in the Glavas Crevasse. Though pi-gamma are technically belongs to us, we've had to go through some fairly complex negotiations . . ."

◊ **switch me on when this is over = my circuits will not take this** ◗

PEW became motionless, activity indicators dimming.

Cradled in an observation bubble high above the teeming streets of Ilium Prime, Flan Southeast watched rivers of cobalt darkness flowing through the city canyons. On all sides, the solar spires flashed blindingly gold and crimson as they turned to catch the final rays of the setting suns. But down in those vertiginous depths, it looked cold, almost alien.

Melancholy was sitting at his left shoulder again.

PEW, as usual, had the right idea: when things got too boring, the machine simply switched itself off, preferring instead the music of the spheres? blue noise? white silences?

Sunheart and his half-brothers – Rouyn and Oromocto – had been enduring each other's company while waiting for the processional to end. The evening's celebrations in honor of the Empress's birthday – his main reason for returning – had actually begun before noon and were only now reaching a peak.

Perhaps, he told himself as he sipped *Iwarfoam* – the goblet frosting to his touch – perhaps it was just the City itself and all the associations which it rekindled. He cherished no overfond memories of his Court upbringing, calling to mind instead those odd and interesting moments of training in the more esoteric matters of Empire – trench navigation, stellar cartography, and solidity transfer – which he had received from old Polonius Gaul, his father's most trusted counsellor.

A troupe of gravity gymnasts floated by, carrying a technironic bead mosaic of his mother. It did feel good to be able to stretch out at full length on the undulant cushions, Flan thought as he let his heavy eyelids droop.

"– a small step in the Federation's study of colonization possibilities within the Q-Quare system . . ." Oromocto was saying. The liquor actually scalded his throat, making him choke and his eyes water. *Not used to drinking either*, he thought ruefully. It seemed as if he had been listening to the accounts of his brothers' intrigues and manipulations for hours.

"Funny," Rouyn said during one of the many lulls in the conversation. "It's funny how you uncannily show up the same time every year with your tales and your treasures, to stay just long enough so you can ingratiate yourself with Father before you go flying off again."

"Yes – while we do the dirty work for you!" Oromocto added, disdainfully. "An easy way to gain the crown, it seems to me."

Flan smiled, his eyes still closed. He could well imagine the hostile expressions on both their faces. How they had changed since the last time he had seen them, he thought. Their hatred and jealousy toward him was apparent in every word and action. True, there had never been much love lost between them – he being Aldin Sunheart's only naturally-birthed child, but still he felt the ties of blood. . . .

"I don't want the Starcrown," he answered in a quiet voice. "Fight for it between yourselves."

Suddenly the melodious tonals of the Sunheart carillon filled the air, enveloping the City in a cloak of sound that thrilled every listener with its majesty. Banks of light began to appear in the depths far below as the shift glass brightened to admit the last rays. Still visible through the haze off to the darkling east, clusters of Armada scoutcraft were coursing back and forth, track beams on, piercing the night with lances of smoking brilliance.

The brothers Sunheart rose together without another word and passed into the dining hall, leaving the warbot switched to repose faculty, awaiting its activation signal.

Flan looked around the lofty chamber for old Gaul. People were passing to and fro between the food-heaped tables and fluted columns, or dancing gaily past the immense representation of the Sunheart crest, fashioned from ruballoy and synthaflux. The royal banners looked somewhat frayed and faded; indeed, there was a certain air of age, of unwilling antiquity present in the chamber.

He moved through the noisy, laughing crowd. Luminous lips followed, pursing in a smile of sweet mischief when he did not turn around at the call of his name.

The hall overflowed with members of the Court: nobles old and new; plotters; scarnens; crises wardens; terran scientists and cortex projectors; alien entertainers; obese thinkers who could barely move about; gaunt-ribbed dandies; clerics from the four major religious sects and their counterparts – the Hedons and the Grenories; elegant samplers and tasters of life – all masked and gaudy, gathered in their iridescents to pay homage to the Empress, Gela Ineus Sunheart.

The Monds were conspicuous by their absence. There was, thankfully, no touch of austere black about the place.

And here was his mother, pale and ethereally beautiful, like some earthbound spirit, untouched by the years. She stepped down from the dais, the press of people bowing out of her path as she greeted her son in close embrace.

"Happy birthday, Mother . . ."

"You make it so by being here, my son."

". . . and Uncle Pelli sends his regards also."

The Empress's laughter was as delicate as soft-falling rain. "I always said you two were the only ones who could stand each other's company. Extend to him my thanks, and inquire as to his – ah. . . ."

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Health?" he offered the word, laughing.

"You look a little thin. Have you been taking your daily implant?"

"Yes, Mother – always."

"Flan!" said a vibrant, familiar voice, a voice he had listened in awe to many times in the Hall of Worlds as it issued decrees and weighed strategems, a voice which had reassured and guided him during the hazardous survival maneuvers Below, the first voice to fire his desire to explore those lamps in the nighttime sky.

All around him, people were kneeling; a hush fell over the throng. Turning, Flan beheld his father, Aldin Sunheart, resplendent in the rainbow robes of justice and power. Upon his temple rested the Starcrown, haloing his head in cold light; and against his bosom rested the Sunheart pendant, on which all the others were patterned.

"My Lord, I bow to you."

"Arise, my son, arise! Come with us to the table. Rouyn, Oromocto, clear a way for your brother!"

Muttering to themselves, they did as they were told.

to be continued

EXTERMINATOR 17.

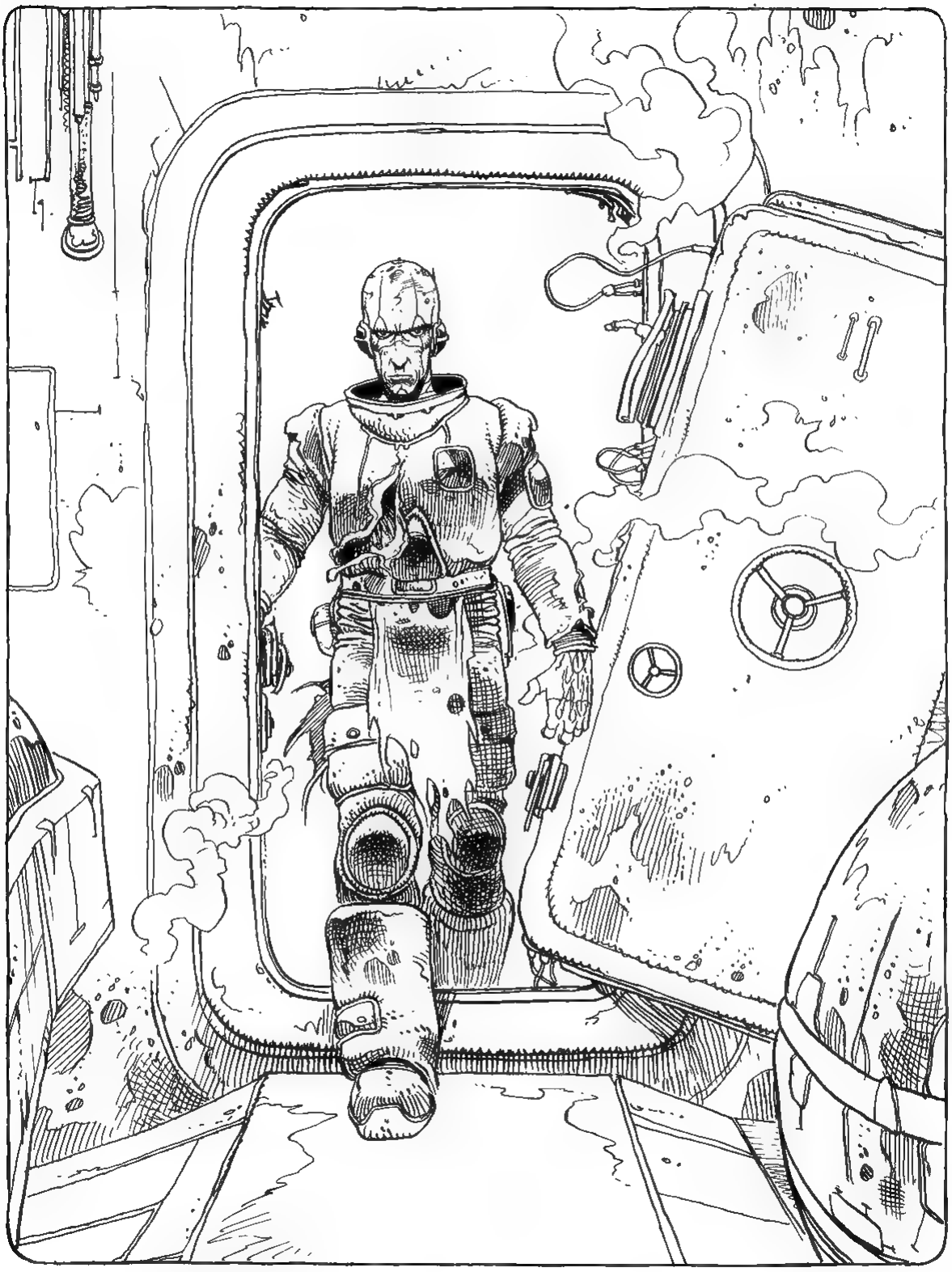
AIN'T IT A SHAMEZ TRYING TO ESCAPE YOUR CRAFTY FRIEND, YOU FELL INTO OUR HANDS...
RIGHT ON BOARD OUR MOTHER SHIP, TOO
THE GRAND MASTER MUST BE HERE. I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM..
...NOT LIKELY...
TELL HIM FOR ME THAT THE VOID WAS ALSO CREATED..

...YOU HAVE BROUGHT UP AN INTERESTING THEOLOGICAL PROBLEM... FOR, IF GOD, OR THE PRINCIPLE OF GOOD, WHATEVER YOU LIKE, CREATED THE SPIRIT, AND IF THE PRINCIPLE OF EVIL CREATED MATTER, THEN THERE IS NO ESCAPE OUTSIDE DEATH...
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
...BUT WE WOULD PREFER TO SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY AND CONSIDER THAT THE PLANETS ALONE ARE BAD: THAT HE GAVE THE VOID AS AN ESCAPE.. SATISFIED?
NO, DON'T ANSWER THAT.. I KNOW THAT YOU UNDERSTAND OUR RELIGION.. I HAVE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT YOU, AND BY VERY DIVERSE MEANS.. THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU TO BRING UP THAT THEOLOGICAL POINT, FOR, IN TRUTH, I WANTED TO SEE YOU...
...TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE FREE
48

...WHAT I HAVE LEARNED HAS DESTROYED ME. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO ELIMINATE A ROBOT OF FLESH, ACCORDING TO OUR CONTRACT, AND WE HAVE FAILED TO KILL A MAN WHO IS REBORN UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES... SOME MIGHT EVEN SAY, SUPERNATURAL...
SO MY STORY IS KNOWN...
...YES. THE ANDROIDS, WHO LEARNED OF IT, ONE DOES NOT KNOW HOW, WERE EAGER TO SPREAD IT THROUGH THE UNIVERSE .. BUT WE OWE YOU AMENDS...
THEN HELP ME TO LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS..
IMPOSSIBLE ! THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY THE WORST MATTER BORN OF MATTER...
YOU ARE WRONG...THEY ARE BORN OF THE SPIRIT OF MAN WHICH IS GOOD.. PERHAPS THEY ARE THE FIRST BEINGS WHO ESCAPED THE GRIP OF THE EVIL ONE...
AN INTERESTING THEORY. I LIKE RIDDLES... THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS THERE. SOMEWHERE... GO ON, TRY TO PERSUADE ME...YOU HAVE AN HOUR... IF YOU SUCCEED, I'LL HELP YOU...

..ON EARTH...ON THE SIXTH LEVEL OF THE GREAT FORTRESS...
CONFIRMED, MASTER...HE IS ABOARD THE MOTHER SHIP OF THE NEO-PURITANS, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE HOYLE REGION...
WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR BEFORE KILLING HIM? UNTIL HE DESTROYS THEIR SHIPS!!!
NO, WAIT! THE SIGNAL HAS DISAPPEARED!
AT LAST! EXTERMINATOR 17 IS NO MORE: NO MORE OF THE RIDICULOUS LEGEND WHICH WAS SPREADING LIKE THE PLAGUE...
MASTER! MASTER! HIS SIGNAL HAS JUST REAPPEARED TEN THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS FROM THERE, ON THE SURFACE OF GALIGAI!
IMPOSSIBLE!
50

HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!
I'VE GOT HIM. HE'S JUST MATERIALIZED IN THE ALPHA ORBIT.. NO, HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!
AMAZING!! THE HOULE REGION, ALPHA. HE'S HEADED TOWARD US, AND AT GREAT SPEED!
BOOING
51

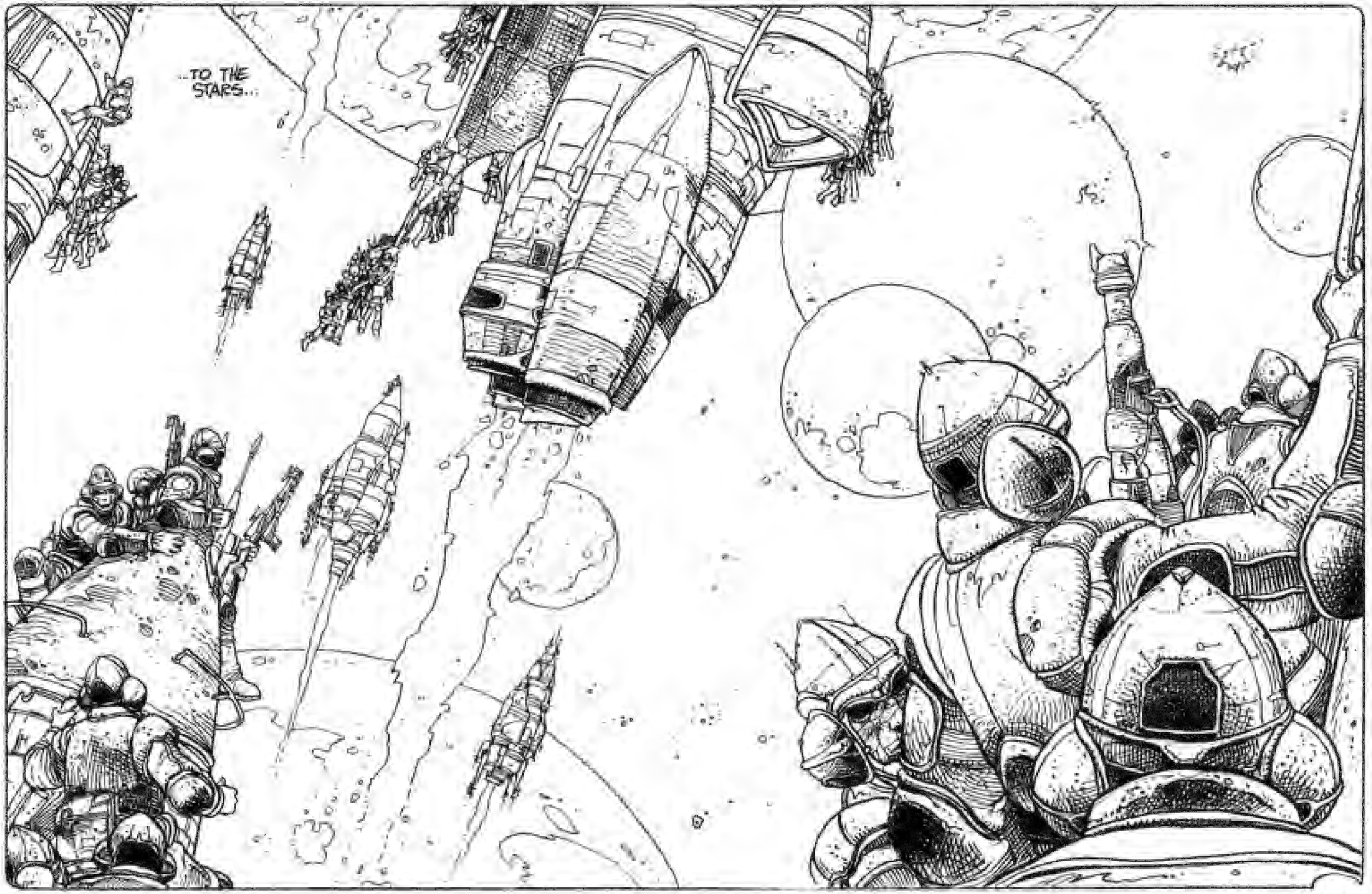


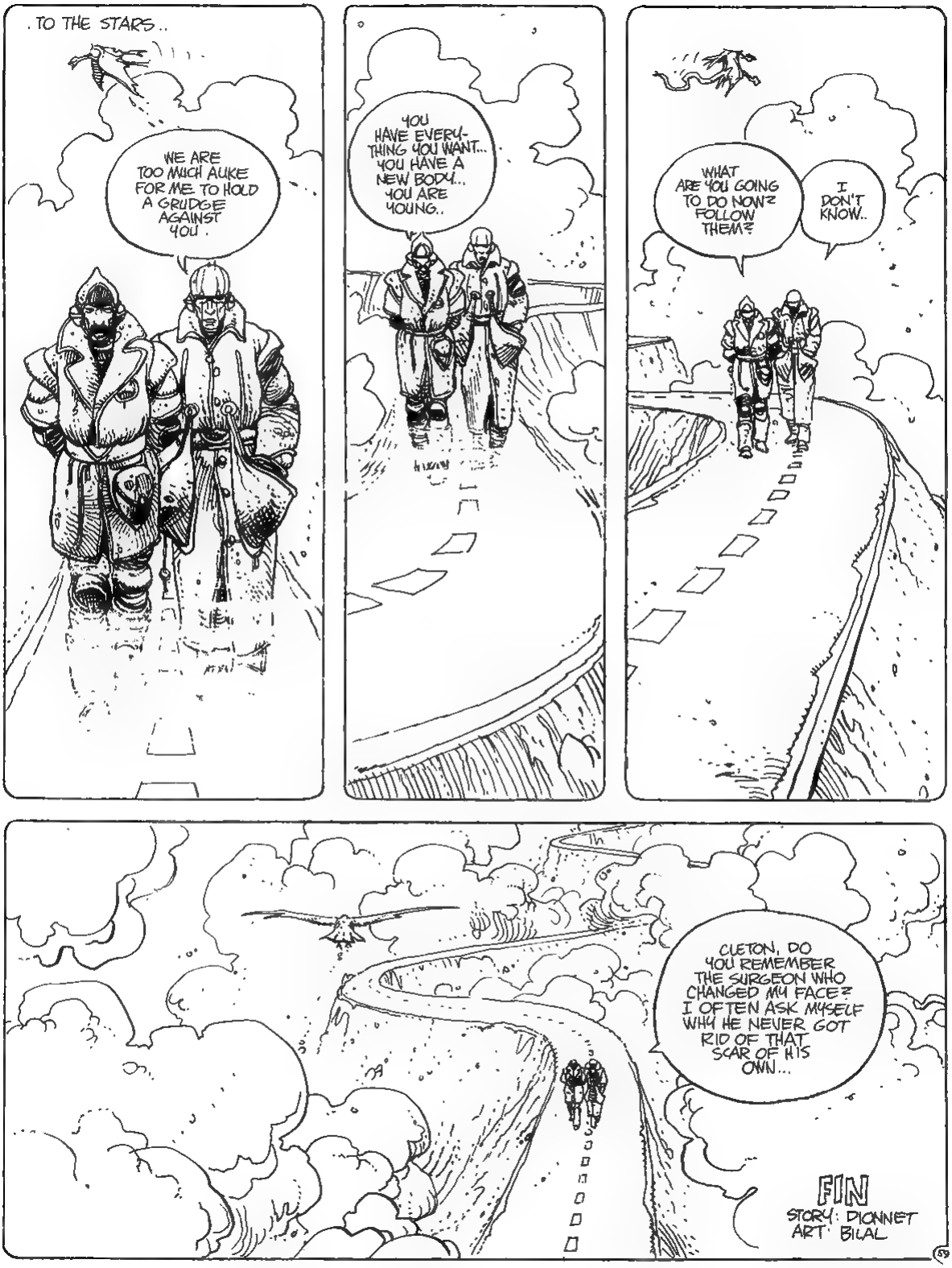
SEIZE HIM!
LET'S GO!
AARGH
GORPPP
HEAVENS!
LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS !!!
53

YOU ARE A FOOL! THERE ARE MANY OF US AND YOU ARE ALONE!
LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS !!!
FOOL! YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT YOU ARE IN THE DEPTHS OF OUR GREATEST FORTRESS! OUT THERE, THE SIGRID TOWER CONTAINS MORE ARMS THAN EXIST ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE!!!!
THE SIGRID TOWER? JUST LOOK AT YOUR SCREENS!..
BY ELVIS! IT'S.. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!!
Z1

THE SIGRID TOWER HAS DISAPPEARED!!!
LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HIM!
CLETON !?
YOU KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF DYING.. I NEVER STOPPED ACQUIRING NEW THINGS... ONE DAY I REALIZED...
..THAT I HAD ACQUIRED A GOOD THIRD OF THE PLANET, THE MAJOR PART OF THE GREATEST FORTRESS... AND THE CONTROL OF THE ANDROIDS!
53

DON'T FORGET THAT THE NEO-PURITANS ARE ON MY SIDE...
I KNOW... WE COULD FIGHT, BUT BELIEVE ME, I HAVE NO DESIRE TO...
HENCEFORTH, THE ANDROIDS ARE FREE!
WHATEVER YOUR REASONS ARE, I THANK YOU...
GIVE THEM SOME ROCKETS AND THEY'LL FLY OFF TO THE STARS...


..TO THE STARS...


. TO THE STARS..
WE ARE TOO MUCH ALIKE FOR ME TO HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU.
YOU HAVE EVERY-THING YOU WANT... YOU HAVE A NEW BODY... YOU ARE YOUNG..
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW? FOLLOW THEM?
I DON'T KNOW..
CLETON, DO YOU REMEMBER THE SURGEON WHO CHANGED MY FACE? I OFTEN ASK MYSELF WHY HE NEVER GOT RID OF THAT SCAR OF HIS OWN...
FIN
STORY: DIONNET
ART: BILAL

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Heavy Metal Previews the Sci-Fi Film of the Year!

ALIEN

In April
A spectacular portfolio of drawings and designs for the most dazzling fantasy film since Star Wars!

In May
Beginning a three-part serialization Alien: The Illustrated [illegible]
award-winning team of Archie Goodwin and Walt Si[illegible]

Watch for Alien
A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett production
Produced by Gordon Carroll and David Giler
Directed by Ridley Scott
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walter Hill, and David Giler
Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett
From Twentieth Century Fox

Dear Heavies:

No doubt you are by now the proud recipients of mail (parcels?) varying from praise, to outrage, to submissions. Allow me to outline an experience directly related to your magazine

Against all odds, I've been trying to get it on with a young woman, whom I'll call Marie. She is an artist in her spare time. I, figuring the time was right to reveal about twenty facets of myself via the pages of *Heavy Metal*, showed her an issue, one with a lady on the cover. Thumbing through it quickly, she only caught glimpses of "Evolution," "Heilman," and "Barbarella"

"John, do you really like this?"

"Yes, very much."

"It's an X-rated comic book!"

"Marie, I've never viewed it in that light."

"But, look at it! Sex is all you see!" (That's the point where my mind raced through the many months of "Chain Mail"...and the letters from the feminists Yup, Marie was into the women's movement.)

"Marie, look at this...Galactic Geographic is a mindbender...and a story by Ted Sturgeon." A cold gaze tipped me off that Marie wasn't particularly into S.F, either

Did I say artist before? Nay, the girl's a painter, perhaps, but no artist. A mind so closed betrays itself. The girl is now convinced that I'm a pervert, and...

You know, with a Kelly on the Editorial staff, I'm surprised I'm not seeing more Irish fantasy material. (Intergalactic potatoes?!)

John R. Calen
Holtsville, N.Y.

Dear Editors.

You're right! Theodore Sturgeon certainly is more than human. I liked the story so much, I immediately ran out and bought the book. Thank you, oh thank you for exposing such a wonderful tale! Wise choice!

Bill Fack
Westfield, N.J.

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE VI - HOPE IS A GOOD BREAKFAST AND A BAD SUPPER

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY *HAVEN'T* HEARD OF THE LEGENDARY *ARMOURED ASSASSINS*?! YOU'RE CONDEMNED TO BE FUGITIVES SCURRYING FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS.
:CHOKE: YOU MEAN UNTIL THE DAY WE DIE. :?
DON'T WORRY IF THOSE THINGS ARE AS EFFICIENT AS I'VE HEARD, THAT COULD BE TOMORROW.
YE RR-Y GOOD TITAN YE-RR-Y GOOD
A MOMENT'S PLEASURE, AN ETERNITY OF TORMENT. :*YAWN*: WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
OPTIMISM?! WILLY!... WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU!!?
MAIS C'EST NORMAL ..THE BASIS OF OPTIMISM IS SHEER TERROR. UNFORTUNATELY **I'VE** READ OSCAR WILDE TOO WILLY.
YAAAAA
AAH THAT'S BETTER
CALM DOWN, WILLY. THERE'S SOMETHING THAT MIGHT CHEER YOU UP
WE HAVE A COUPLE OF *SPECIAL GUESTS* ON BOARD
HI THERE, WILLY. ITS ME, REMEMBER? *BARPO THE RIGELLIAN*
I WANT'CHA T'MEET. *SOLARA*

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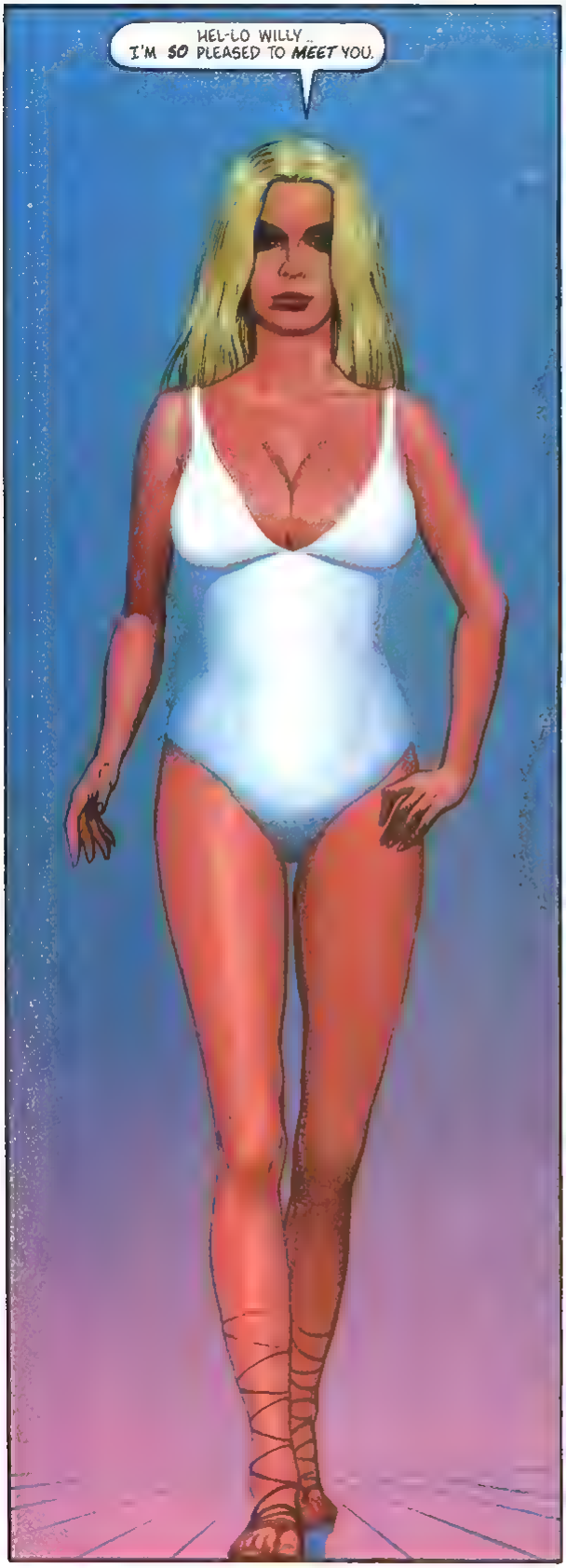
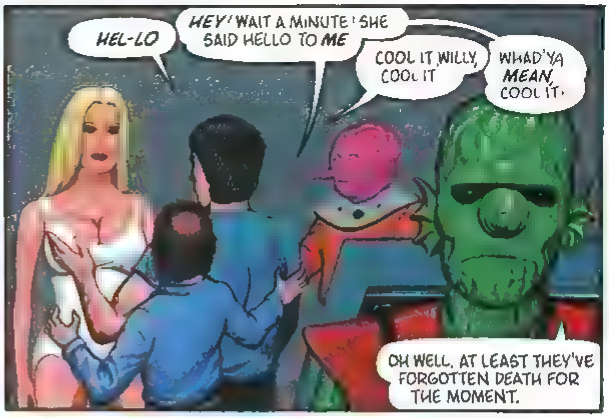
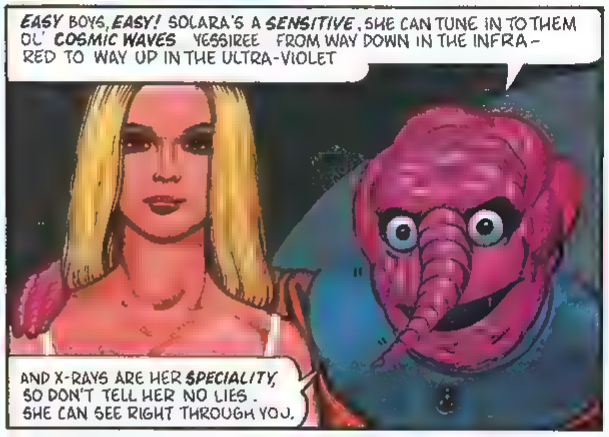
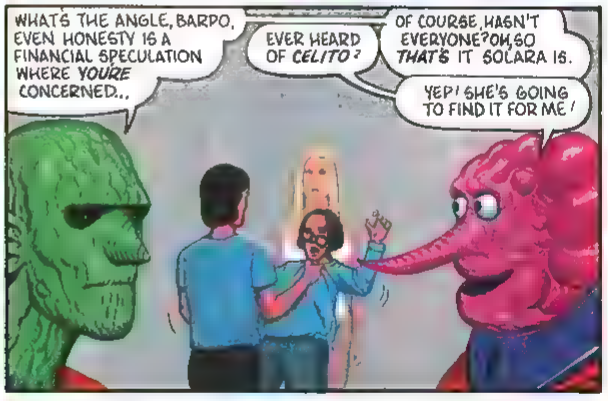
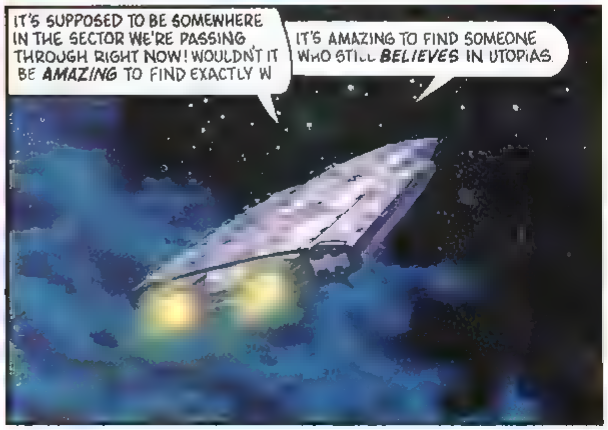

HEL-LO WILLY .. I'M SO PLEASED TO MEET YOU.

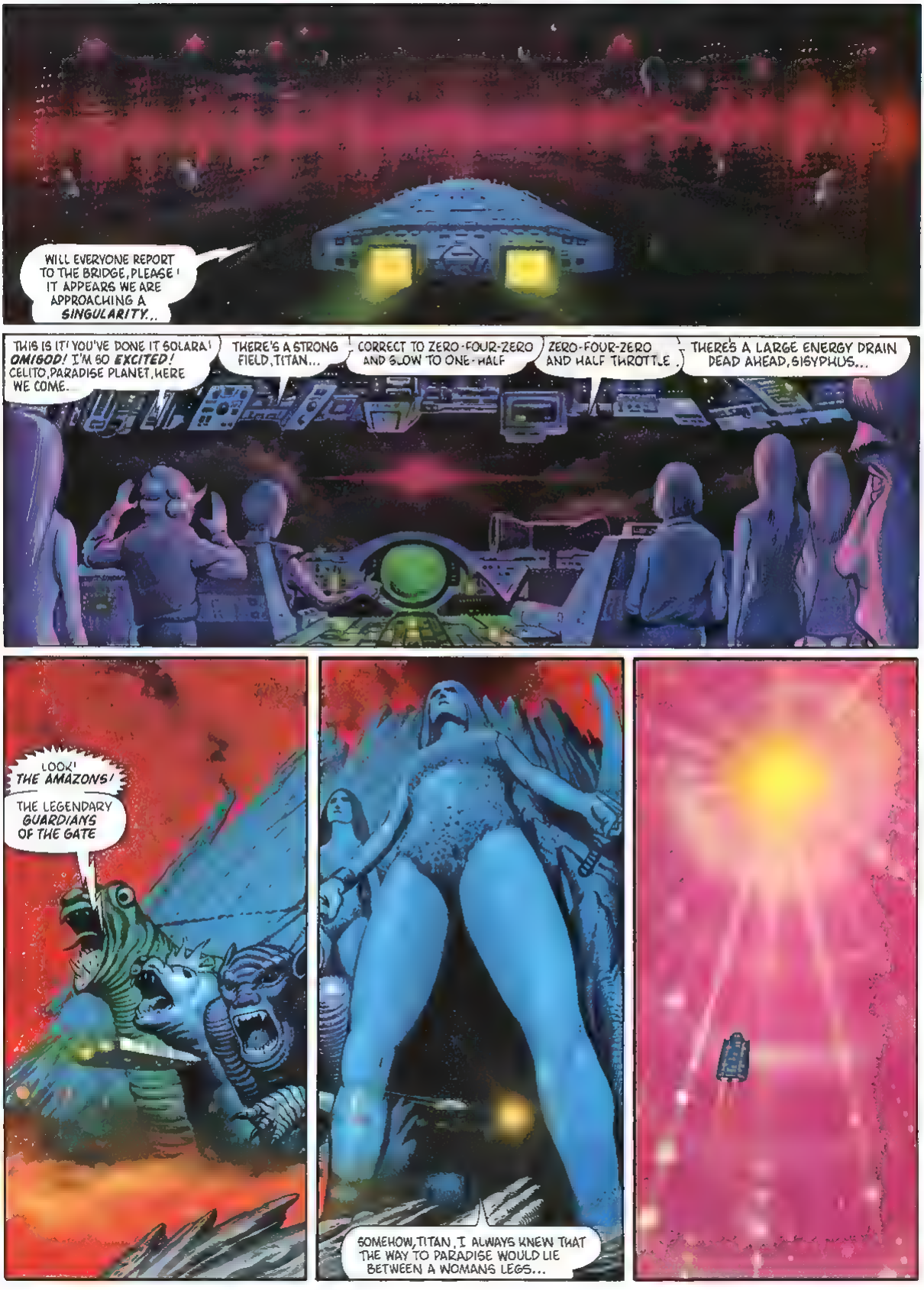

HEL-LO
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! SHE SAID HELLO TO ME
COOL IT WILLY, COOL IT
WHAD'YA MEAN, COOL IT.
OH WELL, AT LEAST THEY'VE FORGOTTEN DEATH FOR THE MOMENT.


EASY BOYS, EASY! SOLARA'S A SENSITIVE, SHE CAN TUNE IN TO THEM OL' COSMIC WAVES YESSIREE FROM WAY DOWN IN THE INFRA-RED TO WAY UP IN THE ULTRA-VIOLET
AND X-RAYS ARE HER SPECIALITY, SO DON'T TELL HER NO LIES. SHE CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU.


WHAT'S THE ANGLE, BARDO, EVEN HONESTY IS A FINANCIAL SPECULATION WHERE YOURE CONCERNED..
EVER HEARD OF CELITO?
OF COURSE, HASN'T EVERYONE? OH, SO THAT'S IT SOLARA IS.
YEP! SHE'S GOING TO FIND IT FOR ME!


IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE SECTOR WE'RE PASSING THROUGH RIGHT NOW! WOULDN'T IT BE AMAZING TO FIND EXACTLY W
IT'S AMAZING TO FIND SOMEONE WHO STILL BELIEVES IN UTOPIAS.

NOW, NOW BOYS! LET'S NOT QUARREL OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS I'LL BE NEEDING YOUR CO-OPERATION EVERYBODY'S GONNA HAVE T'GET IT TOGETHER, SEE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KEEP THE GOOD VIBES FLOWING AND SEE THAT SOLARA IS KEPT IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND, AND WE'RE ALL GONNA BE RICH MEN YOU'LL SEE.
OH WILLY DEAR, I THINK ANOTHER CHOCOLATE MILK SUNDAE WOULD JUST PUT ME IN EXACTLY THE CORRECT MENTAL ATTITUDE TO RECEIVE THE COSMIC RAYS TONIGHT.
AND STEVE, DARLING, A HOT WATER BOTTLE IN MY BED WOULD REALLY MAXIMIZE MY RECEPTIVE CAPABILITIES.
GO ON THEN YOU GUYS MOVE IT!
Y'KNOW SUSAN THE TROUBLE WITH SENSITIVES IS THAT THEY'RE SO-O SENSITIVE! THE LEAST LITTLE THING UPSETS THEM.
YES YES· IT'S THERE! IT MUST BE THERE· THE SPECTRAL LINES HAVE TOLD ME
SURE I'M SURE! THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHIN' HERE BARPO·
BALLS·
THERE! IT'S THERE! I'M ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THIS TIME
NOTHIN BARPO!
BARPO!..
COOL IT YOU GUYS! COOL IT! SHE'S JUST BEEN A LITTLE OFF-KEY LATELY. IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT STEVE! YOU ONLY PUT ONE SUGAR IN HER COFFEE THIS MORNING
WHAT'S WRONG, TITAN? YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING A BIT DOWN LATELY, NOT THAT I SEE YOU GRINNING MUCH, BUT ER IS THIS UTOPIA BUSINESS GETTING ON TOP OF YOU?
ER NO NO, WILLY ACTUALLY IT'S SUSAN AND I
IT'S ALL OVER WILLY! IT'S ALL OVER! OH GOD! HOW CAN I GO ON COMPUTING WITHOUT HER?!
HOW INFINITELY CRUEL FATE IS, WILLY! TO SEE ALL THOSE GOOD THINGS WE HAD TURN BAD!
WE-ELL, TITAN, I MEAN YOU KNOW I'M SURE YOU BOTH WENT INTO THIS THING WITH YOUR EYES OPEN THERE WERE LOTS OF ER DIFFERENCES DON'T YOU THINK YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH SUSAN WAS A LITTLE A LITTLE, ER UNUSUAL
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WILLY? SHE SEEMED LIKE A NORMAL GIRL TO ME
BEEP
BEEP BEEP BEEP BE


WILL EVERYONE REPORT TO THE BRIDGE, PLEASE! IT APPEARS WE ARE APPROACHING A SINGULARITY...
THIS IS IT! YOU'VE DONE IT SOLARA! OMIGOD! I'M SO EXCITED! CELITO, PARADISE PLANET, HERE WE COME.
THERE'S A STRONG FIELD, TITAN...
CORRECT TO ZERO-FOUR-ZERO AND SLOW TO ONE-HALF
ZERO-FOUR-ZERO AND HALF THROTTLE
THERE'S A LARGE ENERGY DRAIN DEAD AHEAD, SISYPHUS...
LOOK! THE AMAZONS!
THE LEGENDARY GUARDIANS OF THE GATE
SOMEHOW, TITAN, I ALWAYS KNEW THAT THE WAY TO PARADISE WOULD LIE BETWEEN A WOMANS LEGS...

PARADISE! JUST LIKE I ALWAYS IMAGINED IT!
ISN'T IT JUST SO SUBLIME, BARDO
SURE IS! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE PROFITS A HOLIDAY CAMP HERE WOULD TAKE!
Y'KNOW WILLY THIS IS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.
YEAH, I KNOW THATS WHAT'S WORRYING ME..

STEVE
YEAH, WILLY
HAVE YOU EVER HAD THAT FEELING YOU'RE BEING WATCHED . ?
THUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMM

WELCOME HOME SOLARA WHAT WIDE-EYED LITTLE FISHES HAVE YOU HOOKED FOR US *THIS* TIME.
I'VE GOT A HORRIBLE FEELING LIKE I'VE JUST BEEN DRAGGED OUT OF A WARM BED ON A FROSTY MORNING.
:SOB: MY BEAUTIFUL UTOPIA *GONE!*
HA!HA!HA! UTOPIA EXISTS, YES INDEED IT DOES, BUT IT IS ONLY FOR *THE ELITE*...
HOW *ELSE* CAN OUR CASTLES IN THE AIR BE SUPPORTED BUT BY THE ENSLAVING OF *MILLIONS!*

TO BE CONTINUED

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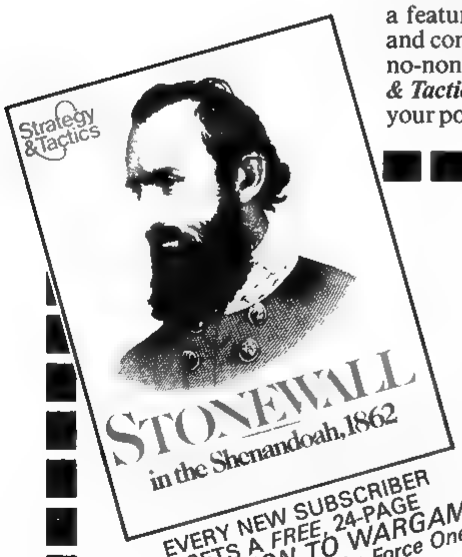

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... NEXT!
...IT'S COMING ALONG WELL... A VERY NICE SCAR... YOU CAN PUT YOUR CAP BACK ON...
I SEE YOU SIGNED ALL THE DOCUMENTS YOU WERE GIVEN... NO REGRETS?
N... NO... SSS... SI... SIR... NO REGRETS...
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE GOVERNMENT?
I... I... APPROVE... OF IT...
COMPLETELY?
YES... COM... COMPLETELY...
GOOD!... NO FIGHTS WITH THE OTHER INMATES OR GUARDS?
OH!... NO S...S... SIR... NO ... NO... FIGHTS!

GOOD!... DO YOU STILL FEEL WE WERE WRONG TO MAKE YOU SUBMIT TO THIS OPERATION?
OH!... N... NO... S... S... SIR... I DON'T THINK THAT NO MO... MORE...
GOOD... YOU'RE FINE!... HOLD ON TO YOUR RELEASE SLIP... YOU ARE NOW READY TO FIND YOUR PLACE IN SOCIETY...
NEXT!
WWARE YU GOWIN? LEEVIN?
YES... I I HAVE... MY... SLIP!...
52
?
LEE MEEYULONE! YU GOD NO RIDE!
AWRIDE! SHADDAB!

CENTER FOR IDEOLOGICAL REEDUCATION MINISTRY OF HEALTH
... MY... MY PLACE... IN SOCIETY...
47
MY PLACE...
fin

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